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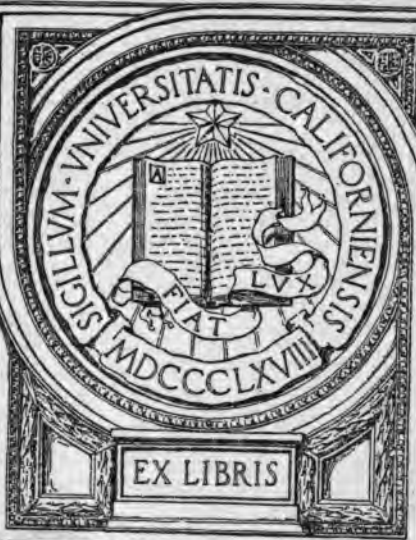
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WITH SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY



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POEMS FOR THE STUDY OF LANGUAGE

PRESCRIBED IN THE COURSE OF STUDY FOR THE
COMMON SCHOOLS OF ILLINOIS

PART THREE

FOR SEVENTH AND EIGHTH YEARS

WITH SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY

BY

CHESTINE GOWDY

Teacher of Grammar in the Illinois State Normal University



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OFFICIAL ENDORSEMENT

THE publication of this book was approved and endorsed by the Standing Committee on the Illinois State Course of Study at a special meeting held during the convention of the Illinois State Teachers' Association at Springfield, Illinois, December 27-29, 1904.

The present revised edition has incorporated the latest revision (1907) of the Official Course, and contains all the poems recommended by Miss Gowdy in her revision.

At the repeated and urgent solicitation of Mr. B. C. Moore, County Superintendent of McLean County, and several other county superintendents and teachers in Illinois, the present edition of Poems for the Study of Language has been issued in three parts, at 15 cents each. It is believed that the poems will thus be made more available to the pupils of the State.

Part One contains all of the 40 selections prescribed in the State Course of Study for the Language work of the third and fourth years. Price in paper binding, 15 cents.

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Poems for the Study of Language, complete in one volume. Paper, 30 cents; cloth, 40 cents.

PUBLISHERS' NOTE

IN 1889 a Course of Study for the State of Illinois consisting of eight years' work was compiled by a committee of six county superintendents appointed by a convention of county superintendents and other leading educators of the State who had been called together for this purpose by the State Superintendent of Public Instruction.

This course ¹ has since been revised four times; the last revision was made in the spring of 1907, by the Standing Committee of the County Superintendents' Section of the State Teachers' Association, composed of F. E. Blair, State Superintendent of Public Instruction; David Felmley, President of Illinois State Normal University; Alfred Bayliss, President of Western Illinois State Normal School; C. H. Root, County Superintendent of Grundy County; James Kirk, Professor of Pedagogy in the South Illinois Normal University; Amos D. Curran, County Superintendent of Kendall County; Charles McIntosh, County Superintendent of Piatt County; George W. Brown, County Superintendent of Edgar County; John W. Cook, President of North Illinois State Normal School; Miss Cora Hamilton, West Illinois State Normal School.

Under the supervision of this committee the work in language was revised by Miss Chestine Gowdy, assisted in the work of the third and fourth years by Miss Lora Dexheimer. This language course calls for the study of a large number of poems. Many of these poems were difficult to find, while others were published only in ex-

¹ Published by C. M. Parker, Taylorville, Ill., price 25 cents.

pensive editions. A demand, therefore, arose for a book which should contain all of the poems recommended, and the collection of this material into this volume was undertaken by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., as they are the authorized publishers of more than half of the poems recommended. In this they were assisted by other publishers and by authors who kindly granted permission for the use of poems controlled by them.

Acknowledgment is due to Charles Scribner's Sons for the use of *The Ruby-Crowned Kinglet*, taken from *The Tailoring of Felix and Other Poems*, by Henry van Dyke, and for *Nightfall in Dordrecht*, taken from *Second Book of Verse*, by Eugene Field; to Little, Brown and Company for *October's Bright Blue Weather*, *Down to Sleep*, and *September*, by Helen Hunt Jackson; to J. B. Lippincott Company for *Sheridan's Ride*, by Thomas Buchanan Read; to E. P. Dutton and Company for *Christmas Everywhere*, by Phillips Brooks; to Fleming H. Revell Company for *Our Flag*, taken from *Lyrics of Love*, by Margaret Sangster.

Thanks are also due to the following authors for courteous permission to use the poems mentioned: to Mrs. Lydia Avery Coonley Ward for *Why do Bells for Christmas Ring*; to Eben E. Rexford for *The Bluebird*; to Richard Burton for *Christmas Tide*.

The value of this book has been greatly enhanced by an introduction by Miss Gowdy, who, as author of the course, is especially qualified to offer suggestions for the study of the recommended poems. The biography of Lowell was also written by Miss Gowdy. It is to be hoped that this book will prove useful to many teachers not only in Illinois but also in other States where the course is followed.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY

Literature in a Language Course.

Language work in our elementary schools should deal chiefly with the art of speech. Only when pupils have reached the last years of their common-school course are they ready for any study of the science of language. But long before this time they should begin to acquire power in self-expression. Such language training should be provided as will tend to give some measure of clearness, freedom, and virility, as well as formal correctness of speech.

The outline for language work in the Illinois State Course of Study was prepared in the belief that wealth of thought and power in expression must develop together. In the series of composition exercises suggested in the course of study, the natural interests of the child are recognized, — the interests that grow out of his home life, the life of the community, and the character of the surrounding country. To write acceptably he must write about subjects of which he has knowledge. But any series of language lessons that does not tend to make his own life and the world of which he is a part more interesting to him, more full of things to write about and talk about, is likely to fail of large language results. To help broaden and deepen the interests of the pupils, as well as to provide high ideals of expression, one or two poems for study are named each month in addition to the composition exercises and the more formal work of the course. Nearly a hundred poems are included in the six years' work outlined. They are all brought together for the first time in this volume.

Poems to be Studied Primarily as Literature.

The wise teacher will ask about each poem first of all, how it may be made to give pleasure and awaken thought. She will see in it a piece of literature, not merely material for a language lesson. The chief aim in teaching a descriptive poem should be to make the pictures in the poem more vivid, and thus to awaken the imagination or to kindle an appreciation of kindred beauties in the pupil's immediate environment. In teaching a narrative poem the sequence of events must first be made clear. After that is accomplished, the aim should be to give fuller meaning to the story by bringing out clearly the causes, motives, and results of acts.

The younger pupils will enjoy the poems without any thought of why they like them, but unconsciously their thought and speech will be moulded by the study. In the higher classes effective expressions and passages should be pointed out, and the means of producing effects should be noted.

Language Values in the Work.

But while the poems are to be studied primarily as literature, the teacher should be keenly conscious of the possibilities for language training connected with the work.

The study of literature more than any other subject demands leisurely work, time for thought to ripen and to find fitting expression. The true literature class is a conversation class, — a class in which each pupil is led to interpret the author, and to express his own thoughts without self-consciousness. It is of necessity a class in the art of expression.

Studying and memorizing the poems must enlarge the reading vocabularies of the pupils. The teacher should see that the work is made to enrich their writing and their speaking vocabularies as well. Children are too often satisfied with a slender list of words representing very general

ideas. One word is made to serve for a variety of special uses, the hearer being trusted to interpret it according to the circumstances under which it is used. In the talk about the poem the teacher should use the new and more definite words of the poet, thus leading his pupils to do the same. Professor George Herbert Palmer says, "Let any one who wants to see himself grow, resolve to adopt two new words each week. It will not be long before the endless and enchanting variety of the world will begin to reflect itself in his speech and in his mind as well." Does not this suggest an ideal which every language teacher should have for his pupils, and which he should strive to impart to them before their school lives end?

A few special word exercises may be suggested :

1. Make a list of descriptive words in the poem. What does each describe? Use it to describe something else.

2. Make a list of words that you never use. What word should you have used in the place of each if you had tried to express its meaning? Which word is better, yours or the author's? Why?

3. Give as many synonyms as you can for the following words (these to be selected by the teacher from the poem). Did the author make a good choice in each case?

Relation of Study to Composition Exercises.

Compositions should not often be based directly upon the poems. Pupils must be able to tell or write the story presented by a narrative poem, but no paraphrasing of descriptive passages should be called for. The conversations of the class hour will, however, often suggest subjects for compositions; and the general character of a poem studied in a given month has often determined the character of a composition suggested for the month. For example, a descriptive poem is often accompanied by a descriptive composition; and a narrative poem by a narrative composition.

Method of Presentation.

With younger children every poem should be studied first in class. After a few words of introduction fitted to arouse the interest of the children or to remove any bar between them and the poet, the teacher should read the poem as well as she can, not stopping for comment unless it seem necessary to do so in order to hold the interest of the children. After this first reading, the poem should be read again part by part. This is the time for question, explanation, and discussion. If time permit, the teacher should now read the poem a third time, that the final impression may be left by the author's own words. The whole or a part of the poem should now be memorized. Children will in this way learn with delight poems which they could not read by themselves with understanding or pleasure. Miss Dexheimer has used with children in the first grade many of the poems named in the third and the fourth year work.

With older pupils the amount of help given by the teacher should depend upon the character of the special poem to be studied. In the seventh month of the sixth year *A Legend of the Northland* and *The Voice of Spring* are the poems named. The former is a simple narrative poem, involving no difficulties in meaning or phraseology. It may be studied from the book with no help from the teacher but a simple statement of the character of the preparation to be made. When class time comes, the pupils may be expected to tell the story clearly and to explain allusions. They may be trusted to see the moral with no help from the teacher. The last stanzas may well be ignored, as the incidental moral lesson is more effective with young people than the sermon. No poem should be memorized until it has been read in class.

The Voice of Spring is a descriptive poem, dependent for its charm upon the music of the rhythm and its appropriateness to the joyous progress described by the poem, and upon the pictures presented, many of which are unfamiliar to Illinois children. The teacher's success here depends

upon his own appreciation and enjoyment of the poem and his power to arouse these feelings in his pupils. This poem must be studied in class before the pupils are asked even to read it.

Four Poets most Largely Represented.

More than half of the poems named in the course were written by four men, Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell, and Bryant. There were two leading reasons for including so many poems by these authors. In the first place, it was thought that they would be more generally accessible than others, as school and home libraries would be likely to include the works of these four writers. In the second place, it was thought that every American child should come to have, as a part of his rightful heritage, a sense of kinship with those poets who have done so much to gain European recognition for American literature and to develop a spirit of nationality at home.

Special Study of Authors.

Younger children should enjoy literature for its own sake, with little interest in the personality of the writer. The names of authors may be given them, but only gradually should pleasure in the work of an author arouse interest in the writer himself. But in the seventh and eighth years of the course, opportunities are suggested for giving special attention to the life and writings of each of the four poets whose names have become most familiar to the pupils.

At the close of the sixth month of the year in which, by the system of alternation common in Illinois, classes may be expected to be doing third, fifth, and seventh year work, an afternoon may be given to Longfellow exercises with very little special preparation. All classes have been studying poems written by him; these may be recited. The last compositions of all classes are suitable for such an occasion and some of them should be read. An older pupil may be called upon to tell of the author's life.

For the morning exercises of the eighth month of the same year, the eight poems of Lowell that have been learned during the year may be recited by different pupils, and others may be asked to tell the school about the author's life and character.

An examination of the course will suggest that the fifth month of the alternate year is a suitable time for a special study of Whittier, and that a joint Bryant and bird celebration may come during the eighth month of this year.

Biographical sketches are included in this volume as helps in the study of the four authors named. Other material, such as pictures and magazine clippings, should be collected gradually, and each school library should contain one complete copy of each author's poems.

CHESTINE GOWDY.

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SEVENTH YEAR

YUSSOUF

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

A STRANGER came one night to Yussouf's tent,
Saying, " Behold one outcast and in dread,
Against whose life the bow of power is bent,
Who flies, and hath not where to lay his head ;
I come to thee for shelter and for food, 5
To Yussouf, called through all our tribes 'The
Good.' "

“ This tent is mine,” said Yussouf, “ but no more
Than it is God’s ; come in, and be at peace ;
Freely shalt thou partake of all my store
As I of His who buildeth over these
Our tents his glorious roof of night and day,
And at whose door none ever yet heard Nay.”

**So Yussouf entertained his guest that night,
And, waking him ere day, said : “ Here is gold ;
My swiftest horse is saddled for thy flight ; 15
Depart before the prying day grow bold.”
As one lamp lights another, nor grows less,
So nobleness enkindleth nobleness.**

That inward light the stranger's face made grand,
Which shines from all self-conquest ; kneeling low,

He bowed his forehead upon Yussouf's hand, 21
 Sobbing: "O Sheik, I cannot leave thee so;
 I will repay thee; all this thou hast done
 Unto that Ibrahim who slew thy son!"

"Take thrice the gold," said Yussouf, "for with
 thee
 Into the desert, never to return, 26
 My one black thought shall ride away from
 me;
 First-born, for whom by day and night I yearn,
 Balanced and just are all of God's decrees;
 Thou art avenged, my first-born, sleep in peace!" 30

SONG

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

HOME they brought her warrior dead;
 She nor swoon'd nor utter'd cry.
 All her maidens, watching, said,
 "She must weep or she will die."

Then they praised him, soft and low, 5
 Call'd him worthy to be loved,
 Truest friend and noblest foe;
 Yet she neither spoke nor moved.

Stole a maiden from her place,
 Lightly to the warrior stept, 10

Took the face-cloth from the face ;
Yet she neither moved nor wept.

Rose a nurse of ninety years,
Set his child upon her knee —
Like summer tempest came her tears — 15
“Sweet my child, I live for thee.”

THE SHEPHERD OF KING ADMETUS

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

THERE came a youth upon the earth,
Some thousand years ago,
Whose slender hands were nothing worth,
Whether to plough, or reap, or sow.

Upon an empty tortoise-shell 5
He stretched some chords, and drew
Music that made men's bosoms swell
Fearless, or brimmed their eyes with dew.

Then King Admetus, one who had
Pure taste by right divine, 10
Decreed his singing not too bad
To hear between the cups of wine :

And so, well pleased with being soothed
Into a sweet half-sleep,
Three times his kingly beard he smoothed, 15
And made him viceroy o'er his sheep.

His words were simple words enough,
 And yet he used them so,
 That what in other mouths was rough
 In his seemed musical and low. 20

Men called him but a shiftless youth,
 In whom no good they saw ;
 And yet, unwittingly, in truth,
 They made his careless words their law.

They knew not how he learned at all, 25
 For idly, hour by hour,
 He sat and watched the dead leaves fall,
 Or mused upon a common flower.

It seemed the loveliness of things
 Did teach him all their use, 30
 For in mere weeds, and stones, and springs,
 He found a healing power profuse.

Men granted that his speech was wise,
 But, when a glance they caught
 Of his slim grace and woman's eyes, 35
 They laughed, and called him good-for-naught.

Yet after he was dead and gone,
 And e'en his memory dim,
 Earth seemed more sweet to live upon,
 More full of love, because of him. 40

And day by day more holy grew
 Each spot where he had trod,
 Till after-poets only knew
 Their first-born brother as a god.

SELECTION FROM THE LADY OF THE LAKE

SIR WALTER SCOTT

ALICE BRAND

MERRY it is in the good greenwood,
When the mavis and merle are singing,
When the deer sweeps by, and the hounds are in
cry,
And the hunter's horn is ringing.

"O Alice Brand, my native land 5
Is lost for love of you ;
And we must hold by wood and wold,
As outlaws wont to do.

"O Alice, 't was all for thy locks so bright,
And 't was all for thine eyes so blue, 10
That on the night of our luckless flight
Thy brother bold I slew.

"Now must I teach to hew the beech
The hand that held the glaive,
For leaves to spread our lowly bed, 15
And stakes to fence our cave.

"And for vest of pall, thy fingers small,
That wont on harp to stray,
A cloak must shear from the slaughtered deer,
To keep the cold away." 20

“ O Richard ! if my brother died,
 ’T was but a fatal chance ;
 For darkling was the battle tried,
 And fortune sped the lance.

“ If pall and vair no more I wear, 25
 Nor thou the crimson sheen,
 As warm, we ’ll say, is the russet gray,
 As gay the forest-green.

“ And, Richard, if our lot be hard, 30
 And lost thy native land,
 Still Alice has her own Richard,
 And he his Alice Brand.”

’T is merry, ’t is merry, in good greenwood ;
 So blithe Lady Alice is singing ;
 On the beech’s pride, and oak’s brown side, 35
 Lord Richard’s axe is ringing.

Up spoke the moody Elfin King,
 Who woned within the hill, —
 Like wind in the porch of a ruined church,
 His voice was ghostly shrill. 40

“ Why sounds yon stroke on beech and oak,
 Our moonlight circle’s screen ?
 Or who comes here to chase the deer,
 Beloved of our Elfin Queen ?
 Or who may dare on wold to wear 45
 The fairies’ fatal green ?

“Up, Urgan, up! to yon mortal hie,
For thou wert christened man;
For cross or sign thou wilt not fly,
For muttered word or ban. 50

“Lay on him the curse of the withered heart,
The curse of the sleepless eye;
Till he wish and pray that his life would part,
Nor yet find leave to die.”

’T is merry, ’t is merry, in good greenwood, 55
Though the birds have stilled their singing;
The evening blaze doth Alice raise,
And Richard is fagots bringing.

Up Urgan starts, that hideous dwarf,
Before Lord Richard stands, 60
And, as he crossed and blessed himself,
“I fear not sign,” quoth the grisly elf,
“That is made with bloody hands.”

But out then spoke she, Alice Brand,
That woman void of fear, — 65
“And if there’s blood upon his hand,
’T is but the blood of deer.”

“Now loud thou liest, thou bold of mood!
It cleaves unto his hand,
The stain of thine own kindly blood, 70
The blood of Ethert Brand.”

Then forward stepped she, Alice Brand,
And made the holy sign, —

“ And if there ’s blood on Richard’s hand,
 A spotless hand is mine. 75

“ And I conjure thee, demon elf,
 By Him whom demons fear,
 To show us whence thou art thyself,
 And what thine errand here ? ”

“ ’T is merry, ’t is merry, in Fairy-land, 80
 When fairy birds are singing,
 When the court doth ride by their monarch’s side,
 With bit and bridle ringing :

“ And gayly shines the Fairy-land —
 But all is glistening show, 85
 Like the idle gleam that December’s beam
 Can dart on ice and snow.

“ And fading, like that varied gleam,
 Is our inconstant shape,
 Who now like knight and lady seem, 90
 And now like dwarf and ape.

“ It was between the night and day,
 When the Fairy King has power,
 That I sunk down in a sinful fray,
 And ’twixt life and death was snatched away 95
 To the joyless Elfin bower.

“ But wist I of a woman bold,
 Who thrice my brow durst sign,
 I might regain my mortal mould,
 As fair a form as thine.” 100

She crossed him once — she crossed him twice —
That lady was so brave;
The fouler grew his goblin hue,
The darker grew the cave.

She crossed him thrice, that lady bold ; 105
He rose beneath her hand
The fairest knight on Scottish mould,
Her brother, Ethert Brand !

Merry it is in good greenwood,
When the mavis and merle are singing, 110
But merrier were they in Dunfermline gray,
When all the bells were ringing.

THE HUSKERS

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

It was late in mild October, and the long autumnal
rain
Had left the summer harvest-fields all green with
grass again ;
The first sharp frosts had fallen, leaving all the wood-
lands gay
With the hues of summer's rainbow, or the meadow-
flowers of May.

Through a thin, dry mist, that morning, the sun rose
broad and red, 5
At first a rayless disk of fire, he brightened as he
sped ;

Yet, even his noontide glory fell chastened and
subdued,
On the cornfields and the orchards, and softly pic-
tured wood.

And all that quiet afternoon, slow sloping to the
night,
He wove with golden shuttle the haze with yellow
light ; 10
Slanting through the painted beeches, he glorified
the hill ;
And, beneath it, pond and meadow lay brighter,
greener still.

And shouting boys in woodland haunts caught glimpses
of that sky,
Flecked by the many-tinted leaves, and laughed, they
knew not why ;
And school-girls, gay with aster-flowers, beside the
meadow brooks, 15
Mingled the glow of autumn with the sunshine of
sweet looks.

From spire and barn looked westerly the patient
weathercocks ;
But even the birches on the hill stood motionless as
rocks.
No sound was in the woodlands, save the squirrel's
dropping shell,
And the yellow leaves among the boughs, low rustling
as they fell. 20

The summer grains were harvested ; the stubble-fields
 lay dry,
Where June winds rolled, in light and shade, the pale
 green waves of rye ;
But still, on gentle hill-slopes, in valleys fringed with
 wood,
Ungathered, bleaching in the sun, the heavy corn crop
 stood.

Bent low, by autumn's wind and rain, through husks
 that, dry and sere, 25
Unfolded from their ripened charge, shone out the
 yellow ear ;
Beneath, the turnip lay concealed, in many a verdant
 fold,
And glistened in the slanting light the pumpkin's
 sphere of gold.

There wrought the busy harvesters ; and many a
 creaking wain
Bore slowly to the long barn-floor its load of husk and
 grain ; 30
Till broad and red, as when he rose, the sun sank
 down, at last,
And like a merry guest's farewell, the day in bright-
 ness passed.

And lo ! as through the western pines, on meadow,
 stream, and pond,
Flamed the red radiance of a sky, set all afire beyond,
Slowly o'er the eastern sea-bluffs a milder glory shone,
And the sunset and the moonrise were mingled into
 one ! 36

As thus into the quiet night the twilight lapsed away,
And deeper in the brightening moon the tranquil
 shadows lay ;
From many a brown old farm-house, and hamlet
 without name,
Their milking and their home-tasks done, the merry
 huskers came. 40

Swung o'er the heaped-up harvest, from pitchforks
 in the mow,
Shone dimly down the lanterns on the pleasant scene
 below ;
The growing pile of husks behind, the golden ears
 before,
And laughing eyes and busy hands and brown
 cheeks glimmering o'er.

Half hidden, in a quiet nook, serene of look and
 heart, 45
Talking their old times over, the old men sat apart ;
While up and down the unhusked pile, or nestling
 in its shade,
At hide-and-seek, with laugh and shout, the happy
 children played.

Urged by the good host's daughter, a maiden young
 and fair,
Lifting to light her sweet blue eyes and pride of
 soft brown hair, 50
The master of the village school, sleek of hair and
 smooth of tongue,
To the quaint tune of some old psalm, a husking-
 ballad sung.

“HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS
FROM GHENT TO AIX”

ROBERT BROWNING

Browning wrote to an American inquirer about this poem : “ There is no sort of historical foundation for the poem about ‘ Good News from Ghent.’ I wrote it under the bulwark of a vessel, off the African coast, after I had been at sea long enough to appreciate even the fancy of a gallop on the back of a certain good horse ‘ York,’ then in my stable at home. It was written in pencil on the fly-leaf of Bartoli’s *Simboli*, I remember.” It is interesting to see how, forty years later, Browning was writing a poem on Bartoli, in his *Parleyings with Certain People of Importance in their Day*. As for the stages in this ride, a reader with a sufficiently minute map by him can trace the progress from Ghent across Belgium to Aix-la-Chapelle, a distance as the crow flies of between fifty and sixty miles.

I SPRANG to the stirrup, and Joris, and he ;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three ;
“ Good speed ! ” cried the watch, as the gate-bolts
undrew ;
“ Speed ! ” echoed the wall to us galloping through ;
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest, 5
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other ; we kept the great pace
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our
place ;
I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right,
Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained slacker the
bit, 1
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

'T was moonset at starting; but while we drew near
Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned clear;
At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see; 15
At Düffeld, 't was morning as plain as could be;
And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half-
chime,
So Joris broke silence with, "Yet there is time!"

At Aershot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every one, 20
To stare through the mist at us galloping past,
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray :

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent
back 25
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track ;
And one eye's black intelligence, — ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance !
And the thick heavy spume-flakes which aye and
anon
His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on. 30

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned; and cried Joris, "Stay
spur!
Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her,
We'll remember at Aix" — for one heard the quick
wheeze
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck and staggering
knees,
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank, 35
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So, we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky ;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,
'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright stubble like
 chaff ; 40
Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
And " Gallop," gasped Joris, " for Aix is in sight ! "

“How they’ll greet us!” — and all in a moment his
roar

Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone ; 44
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her
fate,

With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

Then I cast loose my buff-coat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all, 50
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet-name, my horse without
peer ;

Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad
or good,

Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is — friends flocking round 55
As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground ;
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news
 from Ghent. 60

THE GIFT OF TRITEMIUS

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

TRITEMIUS of Herbipolis, one day,
 While kneeling at the altar's foot to pray,
 Alone with God, as was his pious choice,
 Heard from without a miserable voice,
 A sound which seemed of all sad things to tell, 5
 As of a lost soul crying out of hell.

Thereat the Abbot paused ; the chain whereby
 His thoughts went upward broken by that cry ;
 And, looking from the casement, saw below
 A wretched woman, with gray hair a-flow, 10
 And withered hands held up to him, who cried
 For alms as one who might not be denied.

She cried, " For the dear love of Him who gave
 His life for ours, my child from bondage save, —
 My beautiful, brave first-born, chained with slaves 15
 In the Moor's galley, where the sun-smit waves
 Lap the white walls of Tunis ! " — " What I can
 I give," Tritemius said, " my prayers." — " O man
 Of God ! " she cried, for grief had made her bold,
 " Mock me not thus ; I ask not prayers, but gold. 20
 Words will not serve me, alms alone suffice ;
 Even while I speak, perchance my first-born dies."

" Woman," Tritemius answered, " from our door
 None go unfed, hence are we always poor ;

A single soldo is our only store. 25
Thou hast our prayers; what can we give thee
more?"

'Give me," she said, "the silver candlesticks
On either side of the great crucifix.
God well may spare them on His errands sped,
Or He can give you golden ones instead." 30

Then spake Tritemius: "Even as thy word,
Woman, so be it! (Our most gracious Lord,
Who loveth mercy more than sacrifice,
Pardon me if a human soul I prize

Above the gifts upon his altar piled!) 35
Take what thou askest, and redeem thy child."

But his hand trembled as the holy alms
He placed within the beggar's eager palms;
And as she vanished down the linden shade,
He bowed his head and for forgiveness prayed. 40

So the day passed, and when the twilight came
He woke to find the chapel all aflame,
And, dumb with grateful wonder, to behold
Upon the altar candlesticks of gold!

THE THREE KINGS

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

THREE Kings came riding from far away,
Melchior and Gaspar and Baltasar;

Three Wise Men out of the East were they,
 And they travelled by night and they slept by day,
 For their guide was a beautiful, wonderful star. 5

The star was so beautiful, large, and clear,
 That all the other stars of the sky
 Became a white mist in the atmosphere,
 And by this they knew that the coming was near
 Of the Prince foretold in the prophecy. 10

Three caskets they bore on their saddlebows,
 Three caskets of gold with golden keys ;
 Their robes were of crimson silk with rows
 Of bells and pomegranates and furbelows,
 Their turbans like blossoming almond-trees. 15

And so the Three Kings rode into the West,
 Through the dusk of night, over hill and dell,
 And sometimes they nodded with beard on breast,
 And sometimes talked, as they paused to rest,
 With the people they met at some wayside well. 20

"Of the child that is born," said Baltasar,
 "Good people, I pray you, tell us the news ;
 For we in the East have seen his star,
 And have ridden fast, and have ridden far,
 To find and worship the King of the Jews." 25

And the people answered, "You ask in vain ;
 We know of no king but Herod the Great !"
 They thought the Wise Men were men insane,
 As they spurred their horses across the plain,
 Like riders in haste, and who cannot wait. 30

And when they came to Jerusalem,
Herod the Great, who had heard this thing,
Sent for the Wise Men and questioned them ;
And said, " Go down unto Bethlehem,
And bring me tidings of this new king." 35

So they rode away ; and the star stood still,
The only one in the gray of morn ;
Yes, it stopped, — it stood still of its own free will,
Right over Bethlehem on the hill,
The City of David, where Christ was born. 40

And the Three Kings rode through the gate and the
guard,
Through the silent street, till their horses turned
And neighed as they entered the great inn-yard ;
But the windows were closed, and the doors were barred,
And only a light in the stable burned. 45

And cradled there in the scented hay,
In the air made sweet by the breath of kine,
The little child in the manger lay,
The child, that would be king one day
Of a kingdom not human but divine. 50

His mother Mary of Nazareth
Sat watching beside his place of rest,
Watching the even flow of his breath,
For the joy of life and the terror of death
Were mingled together in her breast. 55

They laid their offerings at his feet :
The gold was their tribute to a King,

The frankincense, with its odor sweet,
 Was for the Priest, the Paraclete,
 The myrrh for the body's burying. 60

And the mother wondered and bowed her head,
 And sat as still as a statue of stone ;
 Her heart was troubled yet comforted,
 Remembering what the Angel had said
 Of an endless reign and of David's throne. 65

Then the Kings rode out of the city gate,
 With a clatter of hoofs in proud array ;
 But they went not back to Herod the Great,
 For they knew his malice and feared his hate,
 And returned to their homes by another way. 70

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

WALT WHITMAN

I

O CAPTAIN! my Captain! our fearful trip is done ;
 The ship has weathered every wrack, the prize we
 sought is won ;
 The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exult-
 ing,
 While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and
 daring :
 But O heart! heart! heart!
 O the bleeding drops of red,
 Where on the deck my Captain lies,
 Fallen cold and dead. 5

II

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up — for you the flag is flung, for you the bugle
trills; 10

For you bouquets and ribboned wreaths, for you the
shores a-crowding;

For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces
turning;

Here Captain! dear father!

This arm beneath your head;

It is some dream that on the deck 15

You 've fallen cold and dead.

III

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and
still;

My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor
will;

The ship is anchored safe and sound, its voyage closed
and done:

From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object
won; 20

Exult, O shores! and ring, O bells!

But I, with mournful tread,

Walk the deck my Captain lies

Fallen cold and dead.

CHILDREN

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

COME to me, O ye children !
 For I hear you at your play,
 And the questions that perplexed me
 Have vanished quite away.

Ye open the eastern windows, 5
 That look towards the sun,
 Where thoughts are singing swallows
 And the brooks of morning run.

In your hearts are the birds and the sunshine,
 In your thoughts the brooklet's flow, 10
 But in mine is the wind of Autumn
 And the first fall of the snow.

Ah ! what would the world be to us
 If the children were no more ?
 We should dread the desert behind us 15
 Worse than the dark before.

What the leaves are to the forest,
 With light and air for food,
 Ere their sweet and tender juices
 Have been hardened into wood, — 20

¹ This poem of Longfellow's and the four following — *The Old Clock on the Stairs*, *The Herons of Elmwood*, *The Two Angels*, and *To the River Charles* — refer to his Cambridge home. So, also, do *The Children's Hour*, page 14, and *The Village Blacksmith*, page 37.



CRAIGIE HOUSE, CAMBRIDGE.

That to the world are children ;
Through them it feels the glow
Of a brighter and sunnier climate
Than reaches the trunks below.

Come to me, O ye children ! , 25
And whisper in my ear
What the birds and the winds are singing
In your sunny atmosphere.

For what are all our contrivings,
And the wisdom of our books, 30
When compared with your caresses,
And the gladness of your looks?

Ye are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said ;
For ye are living poems, 35
And all the rest are dead.

THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

SOMEWHAT back from the village street
Stands the old-fashioned country-seat.
Across its antique portico
Tall poplar-trees their shadows throw ;

2. The house thus described was that now known as the Plunkett mansion in Pittsfield, once the home of Mrs. Longfellow's maternal grandfather. In the poet's own house in Cambridge there also stood a tall old clock on the stairs.

And from its station in the hall 5
 An ancient timepiece says to all, —
 “ Forever — never !
 Never — forever ! ”

Half-way up the stairs it stands,
 And points and beckons with its hands 10
 From its case of massive oak,
 Like a monk, who, under his cloak,
 Crosses himself, and sighs, alas !
 With sorrowful voice to all who pass, —
 “ Forever — never ! 15
 Never — forever ! ”

By day its voice is low and light ;
 But in the silent dead of night,
 Distinct as a passing footstep's fall,
 It echoes along the vacant hall, 20
 Along the ceiling, along the floor,
 And seems to say, at each chamber-door, —
 “ Forever — never !
 Never — forever ! ”

Through days of sorrow and of mirth, 25
 Through days of death and days of birth,
 Through every swift vicissitude
 Of changeful time, unchanged it has stood,
 And as if, like God, it all things saw,
 It calmly repeats those words of awe, — 30
 “ Forever — never !
 Never — forever ! ”

In that mansion used to be
 Free-hearted Hospitality ;

His great fires up the chimney roared ; 35
The stranger feasted at his board ;
But, like the skeleton at the feast,
That warning timepiece never ceased, —
 “ Forever — never !
 Never — forever ! ” 40

There groups of merry children played,
There youths and maidens dreaming strayed ;
O precious hours ! O golden prime,
And affluence of love and time !
Even as a miser counts his gold, 45
Those hours the ancient timepiece told, —
 “ Forever — never !
 Never — forever ! ”

From that chamber, clothed in white,
The bride came forth on her wedding night ;
There, in that silent room below, 51
The dead lay in his shroud of snow ;
And in the hush that followed the prayer,
Was heard the old clock on the stair, —
 “ Forever — never ! 55
 Never — forever ! ”

All are scattered now and fled,
Some are married, some are dead ;
And when I ask, with throbs of pain,
“ Ah ! when shall they all meet again ? ” 60
As in the days long since gone by,
The ancient timepiece makes reply, —
 “ Forever — never !
 Never — forever ! ”

Never here, forever there, 65
 Where all parting, pain, and care,
 And death, and time shall disappear, —
 Forever there, but never here !
 The horologe of Eternity
 Sayeth this incessantly, — 70
 “ Forever — never !
 Never — forever ! ”

THE HERONS OF ELMWOOD

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

WARM and still is the summer night,
 As here by the river's brink I wander ;
 White overhead are the stars, and white
 The glimmering lamps on the hillside yonder.

Silent are all the sounds of day ; 5
 Nothing I hear but the chirp of crickets,
 And the cry of the herons winging their way
 O'er the poet's house in the Elmwood thickets.

Call to him, herons, as slowly you pass 9
 To your roosts in the haunts of the exiled thrushes,
 Sing him the song of the green morass,
 And the tides that water the reeds and rushes.

Sing him the mystical Song of the Hern,
 And the secret that baffles our utmost seeking ;
 For only a sound of lament we discern, 15
 And cannot interpret the words you are speaking.

8. Elmwood, a short distance from Longfellow's house, was the home of his brother poet and friend, James Russell Lowell.

Sing of the air, and the wild delight
Of wings that uplift and winds that uphold you,
The joy of freedom, the rapture of flight
Through the drift of the floating mists that infold
you ; 20

Of the landscape lying so far below,
With its towns and rivers and desert places ;
And the splendor of light above, and the glow
Of the limitless, blue, ethereal spaces.

Ask him if songs of the Troubadours, 25
Or of Minnesingers in old black-letter,
Sound in his ears more sweet than yours,
And if yours are not sweeter and wilder and better.

Sing to him, say to him, here at his gate,
Where the boughs of the stately elms are meeting,
Some one hath lingered to meditate, 31
And send him unseen this friendly greeting ;

That many another hath done the same,
Though not by a sound was the silence broken ;
The surest pledge of a deathless name 35
Is the silent homage of thoughts unspoken.

THE TWO ANGELS

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Two angels, one of Life and one of Death,
Passed o'er our village as the morning broke ;
The dawn was on their faces, and beneath,
The sombre houses hearsed with plumes of smoke.

Their attitude and aspect were the same, 5
 Alike their features and their robes of white;
 But one was crowned with amaranth, as with flame,
 And one with asphodels, like flakes of light.

I saw them pause on their celestial way; 9
 Then said I, with deep fear and doubt oppressed,
 "Beat not so loud, my heart, lest thou betray
 The place where thy beloved are at rest!

And he who wore the crown of asphodels,
 Descending, at my door began to knock,
 And my soul sank within me, as in wells 15
 The waters sink before an earthquake's shock.

I recognized the nameless agony,
 The terror and the tremor and the pain,
 That oft before had filled or haunted me,
 And now returned with threefold strength again.

The door I opened to my heavenly guest, 21
 And listened, for I thought I heard God's voice;
 And, knowing whatsoe'er he sent was best,
 Dared neither to lament nor to rejoice.

Then with a smile that filled the house with light,
 "My errand is not Death, but Life," he said; 26
 And ere I answered, passing out of sight,
 On his celestial embassy he sped.

'T was at thy door, O friend! and not at mine,
 The angel with the amaranthine wreath, 30
 Pausing, descended, and with voice divine
 Whispered a word that had a sound like Death.

Then fell upon the house a sudden gloom,
A shadow on those features fair and thin ;
And softly, from that hushed and darkened room, 35
Two angels issued, where but one went in.

All is of God ! If he but wave his hand,
The mists collect, the rain falls thick and
loud,
Till, with a smile of light on sea and land,
Lo ! he looks back from the departing cloud. 40

Angels of Life and Death alike are his ;
Without his leave they pass no threshold o'er ;
Who, then, would wish or dare, believing this,
Against his messengers to shut the door ?

TO THE RIVER CHARLES

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

RIVER ! that in silence windest
Through the meadows, bright and free,
Till at length thy rest thou findest
In the bosom of the sea !

Four long years of mingled feeling, 5
Half in rest, and half in strife,
I have seen thy waters stealing
Onward, like the stream of life.

1. The river Charles flows in view of the mansion in Cambridge which Mr. Longfellow began to occupy in the summer of 1837.

Thou hast taught me, Silent River !
 Many a lesson, deep and long ; 10
 Thou hast been a generous giver ;
 I can give thee but a song.

Oft in sadness and in illness,
 I have watched thy current glide,
 Till the beauty of its stillness 15
 Overflowed me, like a tide.

And in better hours and brighter,
 When I saw thy waters gleam,
 I have felt my heart beat lighter,
 And leap onward with thy stream. 20

Not for this alone I love thee,
 Nor because thy waves of blue
 From celestial seas above thee
 Take their own celestial hue.

Where yon shadowy woodlands hide thee, 25
 And thy waters disappear,
 Friends I love have dwelt beside thee,
 And have made thy margin dear.

More than this ; — thy name reminds me
 Of three friends, all true and tried ; 30
 And that name, like magic, binds me
 Closer, closer to thy side.

30. The three friends hinted at were Charles Sumner, Charles Folsom, and Charles Amory.

Friends my soul with joy remembers !
How like quivering flames they start,
When I fan the living embers 35
On the hearthstone of my heart !

'T is for this, thou Silent River !
That my spirit leans to thee ;
Thou hast been a generous giver,
Take this idle song from me. 40

RHÆCUS

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

GOD sends his teachers unto every age,
To every clime, and every race of men,
With revelations fitted to their growth
And shape of mind, nor gives the realm of Truth
Into the selfish rule of one sole race : 5
Therefore each form of worship that hath swayed
The life of man, and given it to grasp
The master-key of knowledge, reverence,
Infolds some germs of goodness and of right ;
Else never had the eager soul, which loathes 10
The slothful down of pampered ignorance,
Found in it even a moment's fitful rest.

There is an instinct in the human heart
Which makes that all the fables it hath coined,
To justify the reign of its belief 15
And strengthen it by beauty's right divine,
Veil in their inner cells a mystic gift,
Which, like the hazel twig, in faithful hands,

Points surely to the hidden springs of truth.
 For, as in nature naught is made in vain, 20
 But all things have within their hull of use
 A wisdom and a meaning which may speak
 Of spiritual secrets to the ear
 Of spirit; so, in whatsoe'er the heart
 Hath fashioned for a solace to itself, 25
 To make its inspirations suit its creed,
 And from the niggard hands of falsehood wring
 Its needful food of truth, there ever is
 A sympathy with Nature, which reveals,
 Not less than her own works, pure gleams of
 light
 And earnest parables of inward lore. 31
 Hear now this fairy legend of old Greece,
 As full of gracious youth and beauty still
 As the immortal freshness of that grace
 Carved for all ages on some Attic frieze. 35

A youth named Rhœcus, wandering in the
 wood,
 Saw an old oak just trembling to its fall,
 And, feeling pity of so fair a tree,
 He propped its gray trunk with admiring care,
 And with a thoughtless footstep loitered on. 40
 But, as he turned, he heard a voice behind
 That murmured "Rhœcus!" 'T was as if the
 leaves,
 Stirred by a passing breath, had murmured it,
 And, while he paused bewildered, yet again
 It murmured "Rhœcus!" softer than a breeze. 45
 He started and beheld with dizzy eyes
 What seemed the substance of a happy dream

Stand there before him, spreading a warm glow
Within the green glooms of the shadowy oak.
It seemed a woman's shape, yet far too fair 50
To be a woman, and with eyes too meek
For any that were wont to mate with gods.
All naked like a goddess stood she there,
And like a goddess all too beautiful
To feel the guilt-born earthliness of shame. 55
"Rhœcus, I am the Dryad of this tree,"
Thus she began, dropping her low-toned words
Serene, and full, and clear, as drops of dew,
"And with it I am doomed to live and die ;
The rain and sunshine are my caterers, 60
Nor have I other bliss than simple life ;
Now ask me what thou wilt, that I can give,
And with a thankful joy it shall be thine."

Then Rhœcus, with a flutter at the heart,
Yet, by the prompting of such beauty, bold, 65
Answered : " What is there that can satisfy
The endless craving of the soul but love?
Give me thy love, or but the hope of that
Which must be evermore my nature's goal."
After a little pause she said again, 70
But with a glimpse of sadness in her tone,
" I give it, Rhœcus, though a perilous gift ;
An hour before the sunset meet me here."
And straightway there was nothing he could see
But the green glooms beneath the shadowy oak, 75
And not a sound came to his straining ears
But the low trickling rustle of the leaves,
And far away upon an emerald slope
The falter of an idle shepherd's pipe.

Now, in those days of simpleness and faith, 80
 Men did not think that happy things were dreams
 Because they overstepped the narrow bourn
 Of likelihood, but reverently deemed
 Nothing too wondrous or too beautiful
 To be the guerdon of a daring heart. 85
 So Rhœcus made no doubt that he was blest,
 And all along unto the city's gate
 Earth seemed to spring beneath him as he walked,
 The clear, broad sky looked bluer than its wont,
 And he could scarce believe he had not wings, 90
 Such sunshine seemed to glitter through his veins
 Instead of blood, so light he felt and strange.

Young Rhœcus had a faithful heart enough,
 But one that in the present dwelt too much,
 And, taking with blithe welcome whatso'er 95
 Chance gave of joy, was wholly bound in that,
 Like the contented peasant of a vale,
 Deemed it the world, and never looked beyond.
 So, haply meeting in the afternoon
 Some comrades who were playing at the dice, 100
 He joined them, and forgot all else beside.

The dice were rattling at the merriest,
 And Rhœcus, who had met but sorry luck,
 Just laughed in triumph at a happy throw, 104
 When through the room there hummed a yellow bee
 That buzzed about his ear with down-dropped legs
 As if to light. And Rhœcus laughed and said,
 Feeling how red and flushed he was with loss,
 "By Venus! does he take me for a rose?"
 And brushed him off with rough, impatient hand.

But still the bee came back, and thrice again 111
Rhœcus did beat him off with growing wrath.
Then through the window flew the wounded bee,
And Rhœcus, tracking him with angry eyes,
Saw a sharp mountain-peak of Thessaly 115
Against the red disk of the setting sun, —
And instantly the blood sank from his heart,
As if its very walls had caved away.
Without a word he turned, and, rushing forth,
Ran madly through the city and the gate, 120
And o'er the plain, which now the wood's long
shade,
By the low sun thrown forward broad and dim,
Darkened wellnigh unto the city's wall.

Quite spent and out of breath he reached the
tree,
And, listening fearfully, he heard once more 125
The low voice murmur "Rhœcus!" close at hand:
Whereat he looked around him, but could see
Naught but the deepening glooms beneath the oak.
Then sighed the voice, "O Rhœcus! nevermore
Shalt thou behold me or by day or night, 130
Me, who would fain have blessed thee with a love
More ripe and bounteous than ever yet
Filled up with nectar any mortal heart:
But thou didst scorn my humble messenger,
And sent'st him back to me with bruised wings. 135
We spirits only show to gentle eyes,
We ever ask an undivided love,
And he who scorns the least of Nature's works
Is thenceforth exiled and shut out from all.
Farewell! for thou canst never see me more." 140

Then Rhæcus beat his breast, and groaned
 aloud,
 And cried, "Be pitiful! forgive me yet
 This once, and I shall never need it more!"
 "Alas!" the voice returned, "'t is thou art blind,
 Not I unmerciful; I can forgive, 145
 But have no skill to heal thy spirit's eyes;
 Only the soul hath power o'er itself."
 With that again there murmured "Nevermore!"
 And Rhæcus after heard no other sound,
 Except the rattling of the oak's crisp leaves, 150
 Like the long surf upon a distant shore,
 Raking the sea-worn pebbles up and down.
 The night had gathered round him: o'er the
 plain
 The city sparkled with its thousand lights,
 And sounds of revel fell upon his ear 155
 Harshly and like a curse; above, the sky,
 With all its bright sublimity of stars,
 Deepened, and on his forehead smote the breeze:
 Beauty was all around him and delight,
 But from that eve he was alone on earth. 160

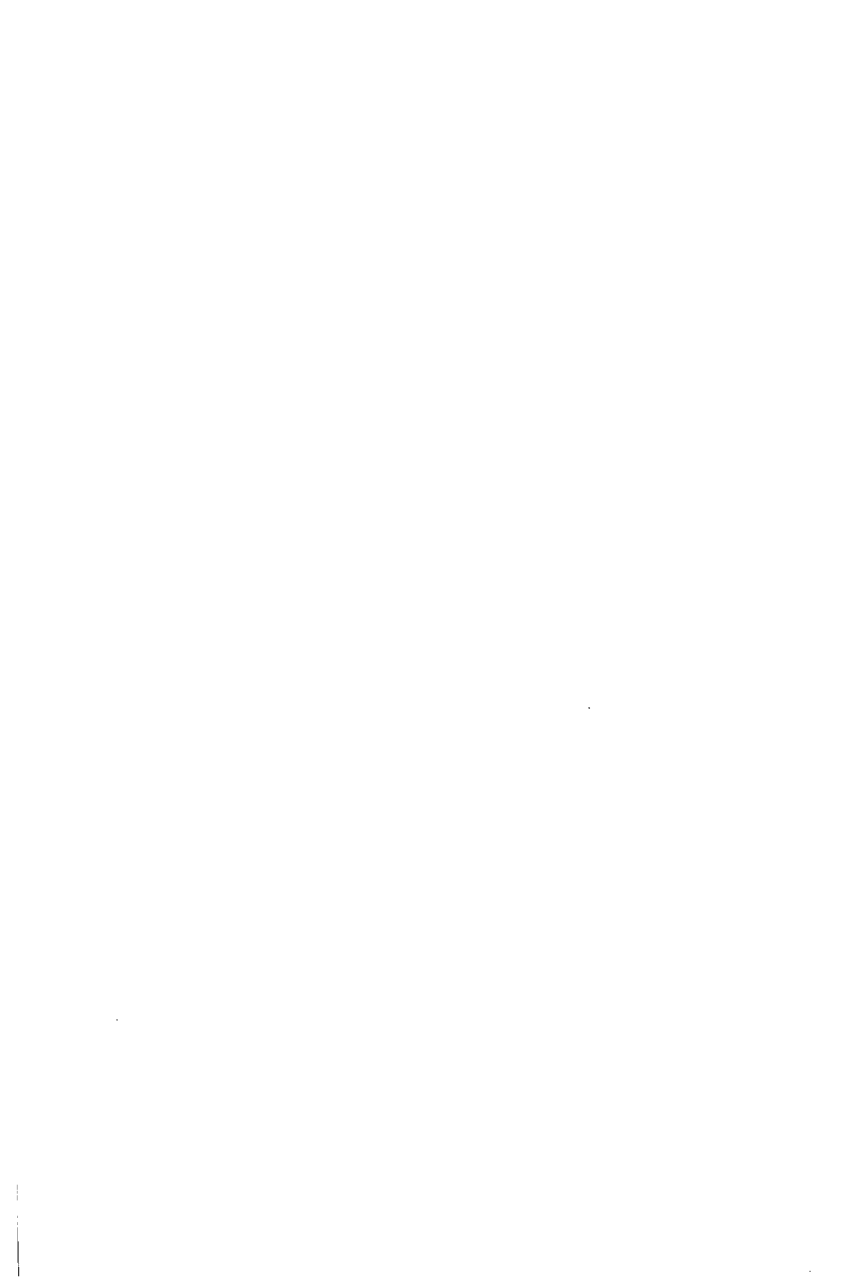
FLOWER IN THE CRANNIED WALL

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

FLOWER in the crannied wall,
 I pluck you out of the crannies,
 I hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
 Little flower — but *if* I could understand
 What you are, root and all, and all in all, 5
 I should know what God and man is.



ELMWOOD, CAMBRIDGE



SELECTION FROM THE VISION OF SIR
LAUNFAL

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

JUNE

AND what is so rare as a day in June?

Then, if ever, come perfect days ;
Then Heaven tries earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays ;
Whether we look, or whether we listen, 5
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten ;
Every clod feels a stir of might,

An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And, groping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers ; 10
The flush of life may well be seen

Thrilling back over hills and valleys ;
The cowslip startles in meadows green,
The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
And there 's never a leaf nor a blade too mean 15

To be some happy creature's palace ;
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun

With the deluge of summer it receives ; 20
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings ;
He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest, —
In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best?

Now is the high-tide of the year, 25

And whatever of life hath ebbed away
Comes flooding back with a ripply cheer,
Into every bare inlet and creek and bay ;
Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it,
We are happy now because God wills it ; .30

No matter how barren the past may have been,
'T is enough for us now that the leaves are green ;
We sit in the warm shade and feel right well
How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell ;
We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help knowing
That skies are clear and grass is growing ; 36
The breeze comes whispering in our ear,
That dandelions are blossoming near,

That maize has sprouted, that streams are flowing,
That the river is bluer than the sky, 40
That the robin is plastering his house hard by ;
And if the breeze kept the good news back,
For other couriers we should not lack ;

We could guess it all by yon heifer's lowing, —
And hark ! how clear bold chanticleer, 45
Warmed with the new wine of the year,
Tells all in his lusty crowing !

Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how ;
Everything is happy now,

Everything is upward striving ; 50
'T is as easy now for the heart to be true
As for grass to be green or skies to be blue, —

'T is the natural way of living :
Who knows whither the clouds have fled ?
In the unscarred heaven they leave no wake ; 55
And the eyes forget the tears they have shed,

The heart forgets its sorrow and ache ;
The soul partakes the season's youth,
And the sulphurous rifts of passion and woe
Lie deep 'neath a silence pure and smooth, 60
Like burnt-out craters healed with snow.

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY

ROBERT BURNS

WEE, modest, crimson-tippèd flower,
Thou 's met me in an evil hour ;
For I maun crush amang the stour
Thy slender stem ;
To spare thee now is past my power, 5
Thou bonnie gem.

Alas ! it 's no thy neebor sweet,
The bonnie lark, companion meet !
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet
Wi' spreckled breast, 10
When upward springing, blythe, to greet
The purpling east.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north
Upon thy early, humble birth ;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth 15
Amid the storm ;
Scarce reared above the parent earth
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flowers our gardens yield
 High sheltering woods and wa's maun shield, 20
 But thou beneath the random bield
 O' clod or stane
 Adorns the histie stibble-field,
 Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad, 25
 Thy snawy bosom sunward spread,
 Thou lifts thy unassuming head
 In humble guise ;
 But now the share uptears thy bed,
 And low thou lies ! 30

EIGHTH YEAR

ABRAHAM DAVENPORT

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

The famous Dark Day of New England, May 19, 1780, was a physical puzzle for many years to our ancestors, but its occurrence brought something more than philosophical speculation into the minds of those who passed through it. The incident of Colonel Abraham Davenport's sturdy protest is a matter of history.

In the old days (a custom laid aside
With breeches and cocked hats) the people sent
Their wisest men to make the public laws.
And so, from a brown homestead, where the Sound
Drinks the small tribute of the Mianas, 5
Waved over by the woods of Rippowams,
And hallowed by pure lives and tranquil deaths,
Stamford sent up to the councils of the State
Wisdom and grace in Abraham Davenport.

'T was on a May-day of the far old year 10
Seventeen hundred eighty, that there fell
Over the bloom and sweet life of the Spring,
Over the fresh earth and the heaven of noon,
A horror of great darkness, like the night
In day of which the Norland sagas tell, — 15
The Twilight of the Gods. The low-hung sky
Was black with ominous clouds, save where its rim
Was fringed with a dull glow, like that which climbs

The crater's sides from the red hell below.
 Birds ceased to sing, and all the barn-yard fowls 20
 Roosted ; the cattle at the pasture bars
 Lowed, and looked homeward ; bats on leathern
 wings
 Flitted abroad ; the sounds of labor died ;
 Men prayed, and women wept; all ears grew sharp
 To hear the doom-blast of the trumpet shatter 25
 The black sky, that the dreadful face of Christ
 Might look from the rent clouds, not as he looked
 A loving guest at Bethany, but stern
 As Justice and inexorable Law.

Meanwhile in the old State House, dim as
 ghosts, 30
 Sat the lawgivers of Connecticut,
 Trembling beneath their legislative robes.
 "It is the Lord's Great Day! Let us adjourn,"
 Some said ; and then, as if with one accord,
 All eyes were turned to Abraham Davenport. 35
 He rose, slow cleaving with his steady voice
 The intolerable hush. "This well may be
 The Day of Judgment which the world awaits ;
 But be it so or not, I only know
 My present duty, and my Lord's command 40
 To occupy till He come. So at the post
 Where He hath set me in His providence,
 I choose, for one, to meet Him face to face, —
 No faithless servant frightened from my task,
 But ready when the Lord of the harvest calls ; 45
 And therefore, with all reverence, I would say,
 Let God do His work, we will see to ours,
 Bring in the candles." And they brought them in.

Then by the flaring lights the Speaker read,
Albeit with husky voice and shaking hands, 50
An act to amend an act to regulate
The shad and alewife fisheries. Whereupon
Wisely and well spake Abraham Davenport,
Straight to the question, with no figures of speech
Save the ten Arab signs, yet not without 55
The shrewd dry humor natural to the man :
His awestruck colleagues listening all the while,
Between the pauses of his argument,
To hear the thunder of the wrath of God
Break from the hollow trumpet of the cloud. 60

And there he stands in memory to this day,
Erect, self-poised, a rugged face, half seen
Against the background of unnatural dark,
A witness to the ages as they pass,
That simple duty hath no place for fear. 65

HERVÉ RIEL

ROBERT BROWNING

This ballad was printed first in the *Cornhill Magazine* for March, 1871. In a letter to Mr. George Smith, one of the publishers of the magazine, Browning stated that he intended to devote the proceeds of the poem to the aid of the people of Paris suffering from the Franco-German war. The publisher generously seconded his resolve and paid one hundred pounds for the poem. The poem is faithful to the incident of Hervé Riel, with the trivial exception that the holiday to see his wife was for the remainder of his life instead of for one day.

I

ON the sea and at the Hogue, sixteen hundred ninety-two,

Did the English fight the French, — woe to France!
And, the thirty-first of May, helter-skelter through
the blue,

Like a crowd of frightened porpoises a shoal of sharks
pursue,

Came crowding ship on ship to Saint Malo on the
Rance, 5

With the English fleet in view.

II

'T was the squadron that escaped, with the victor in
full chase ;

1. The battle of La Hogue was fought May 19, 1692. The English and Dutch were pitted against the French, and the result of the battle was the transfer of sea-power from France to England.

First and foremost of the drove, in his great ship,
 Damfreville ;
 Close on him fled, great and small,
 Twenty-two good ships in all ; 10
 And they signalled to the place
 “ Help the winners of a race !
 Get us guidance, give us harbor, take us quick —
 or, quicker still,
 Here 's the English can and will ! ”

III

Then the pilots of the place put out brisk and leapt
on board ; 15

“ Why, what hope or chance have ships like these
to pass ? ” laughed they :

“ Rocks to starboard, rocks to port, all the passage
scarred and scored,
Shall the ‘ Formidable ’ here, with her twelve and
eighty guns
Think to make the river-mouth by the single nar-
row way,

Trust to enter where ’t is ticklish for a craft of twenty tons,
And with flow at full beside ? 21

Now, ’t is slackest ebb of tide.
Reach the mooring ? Rather say,
While rock stands or water runs,
Not a ship will leave the bay ! ” 25

IV

Then was called a council straight.
Brief and bitter the debate :
" Here's the English at our heels ; would you have
 them take in tow

All that's left us of the fleet, linked together stern
and bow,

For a prize to Plymouth Sound? 30

Better run the ships aground!"

(Ended Damfreville his speech).

"Not a minute more to wait!

Let the Captains all and each

Shove ashore, then blow up, burn the vessels on
the beach! 35

France must undergo her fate.

V

"Give the word!" But no such word

Was ever spoke or heard;

For up stood, for out stepped, for in struck amid
all these

— A Captain? A Lieutenant? A Mate — first,
second, third? 40

No such man of mark, and meet

With his betters to compete!

But a simple Breton sailor pressed by Tourville for
the fleet,

A poor coasting-pilot he, Hervé Riel the Croisickese.

VI

And "What mockery or malice have we here?" cries
Hervé Riel: 45

"Are you mad, you Malouins? Are you cowards,
fools, or rogues?"

44. Le Croisic is a small fishing village near the mouth of the Loire. Browning sometimes sojourned there, and made it the scene of a long poem, *The Two Poets of Croisic*.

Talk to me of rocks and shoals, me who took the soundings, tell

On my fingers every bank, every shallow, every swell,
'Twixt the offing here and Grève where the river disembogues?

Are you bought by English gold? Is it love the lying 's for? 50

Morn and eve, night and day,

Have I piloted your bay,

Entered free and anchored fast at the foot of Solidor.

Burn the fleet and ruin France? That were worse than fifty Hagues!

Sirs, they know I speak the truth! Sirs, believe me there 's a way! 55

Only let me lead the line,

Have the biggest ship to steer,

Get this 'Formidable' clear,

Make the others follow mine,

And I lead them, most and least, by a passage I know well, 60

Right to Solidor past Grève,

And there lay them safe and sound;

And if one ship misbehave,

— Keel so much as grate the ground,

Why, I 've nothing but my life, — here 's my head!" cries Hervé Riel. 65

VII

Not a minute more to wait.

"Steer us in, then, small and great!

Take the helm, lead the line, save the squadron!" cried its chief.

Captains, give the sailor place!

He is Admiral, in brief. 70
 Still the north-wind, by God's grace!
 See the noble fellow's face
 As the big ship, with a bound,
 Clears the entry like a hound,
 Keeps the passage as its inch of way were the wide
 sea's profound! 75
 See, safe through shoal and rock,
 How they follow in a flock,
 Not a ship that misbehaves, not a keel that grates the
 ground,
 Not a spar that comes to grief!
 The peril, see, is past, 80
 All are harbored to the last,
 And just as Hervé Riel hollas "Anchor!" — sure as
 fate,
 Up the English come — too late!

VIII

So, the storm subsides to calm :
 They see the green trees wave 85
 On the heights o'erlooking Grève.
 Hearts that bled are stanch'd with balm.
 "Just our rapture to enhance,
 Let the English rake the bay,
 Gnash their teeth and glare askance 90
 As they cannonade away!
 'Neath rampired Solidor pleasant riding on the
 Rance!"
 How hope succeeds despair on each Captain's counte-
 nance!
 Out burst all with one accord,
 "This is Paradise for Hell! 95

Let France, let France's King
Thank the man that did the thing!"
What a shout, and all one word,
"Hervé Riel!"

As he stepped in front once more, 100
Not a symptom of surprise
In the frank blue Breton eyes,
Just the same man as before.

IX

Then said Damfreville, "My friend,
I must speak out at the end, 105
Though I find the speaking hard.
Praise is deeper than the lips:
You have saved the King his ships,
You must name your own reward.
'Faith, our sun was near eclipse! 110
Demand whate'er you will,
France remains your debtor still.
Ask to heart's content and have! or my name's not
Damfreville."

X

Then a beam of fun outbroke
On the bearded mouth that spoke, 115
As the honest heart laughed through
Those frank eyes of Breton blue:
"Since I needs must say my say,
Since on board the duty's done,
And from Malo Roads to Croisic Point, what is it
but a run? — 120
Since 't is ask and have, I may —
Since the others go ashore —

Come! A good whole holiday!

Leave to go and see my wife, whom I call the Belle
Aurore!"

That he asked and that he got, — nothing more. 125

XI

Name and deed alike are lost:

Not a pillar nor a post

In his Croisic keeps alive the feat as it befell;

Not a head in white and black

On a single fishing smack, 130

In memory of the man but for whom had gone to
wrack

All that France saved from the fight whence Eng-
land bore the bell.

Go to Paris: rank on rank

Search the heroes flung pell-mell

On the Louvre, face and flank! 135

You shall look long enough ere you come to Hervé
Riel.

So, for better and for worse,

Hervé Riel, accept my verse!

In my verse, Hervé Riel, do thou once more

Save the squadron, honor France, love thy wife the
Belle Aurore! 140

FOR AN AUTUMN FESTIVAL

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

THE Persian's flowery gifts, the shrine
Of fruitful Ceres charm no more ;
The woven wreaths of oak and pine
Are dust along the Isthmian shore.

But beauty hath its homage still, 5
And nature holds us still in debt ;
And woman's grace and household skill,
And manhood's toil are honored yet.

And we, to-day, amidst our flowers
And fruits, have come to own again 10
The blessings of the summer hours,
The early and the latter rain ;

To see our Father's hand once more
Reverse for us the plenteous horn
Of autumn, filled and running o'er 15
With fruit, and flower, and golden corn !

Once more the liberal year laughs out
O'er richer stores than gems or gold ;
Once more with harvest-song and shout
Is Nature's bloodless triumph told. 20

Our common mother rests and sings,
Like Ruth, among her garnered sheaves ;

Her lap is full of goodly things,
 Her brow is bright with autumn leaves.

Oh, favors every year made new ! 25
 Oh, gifts with rain and sunshine sent !
 The bounty overruns our due,
 The fulness shames our discontent.

We shut our eyes, the flowers bloom on ;
 We murmur, but the corn-ears fill, 30
 We choose the shadow, but the sun
 That casts it shines behind us still.

God gives us with our rugged soil
 The power to make it Eden-fair,
 And richer fruits to crown our toil 35
 Than summer-wedded islands bear.

Who murmurs at his lot to-day ?
 Who scorns his native fruit and bloom ?
 Or sighs for dainties far away,
 Beside the bounteous board of home ? 40

Thank Heaven, instead, that Freedom's arm
 Can change a rocky soil to gold, —
 That brave and generous lives can warm
 A clime with northern ices cold.

And let these altars, wreathed with flowers 45
 And piled with fruits, awake again
 Thanksgivings for the golden hours,
 The early and the latter rain !

ABOU BEN ADHEM

LEIGH HUNT

ABOU BEN ADHEM (may his tribe increase !)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An Angel writing in a book of gold. 5
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the Presence in the room he said,
“What writest thou?” The Vision raised its head,
And, with a look made of all sweet accord
Answered, “The names of those who love the Lord!”
“And is mine one?” said Abou. “Nay, not so,” 11
Replied the Angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still; and said, “I pray thee then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men.”

The Angel wrote, and vanished. The next night 15
It came again with a great awakening light
And showed the names whom love of God had
blessed, —
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest!

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

"We need not trouble ourselves about the distinction between this [the Pearly Nautilus] and the Paper Nautilus, the Argonauta of the ancients. The name applied to both shows that each has long been compared to a ship, as you may see more fully in Webster's Dictionary or the Encyclopædia, to which he refers. If you will look into Roget's *Bridgewater Treatise*, you will find a figure of one of these shells, and a section of it. The last will show you the series of enlarging compartments successively dwelt in by the animal that inhabits the shell, which is built in a widening spiral." . . .

"I have now and then found a naturalist who still worried over the distinction between the Pearly Nautilus and the Paper Nautilus, or Argonauta. As the stories about both are mere fables, attaching to the Physalia, or Portuguese man-of-war, as well as to these two mollusks, it seems over-nice to quarrel with the poetical handling of a fiction sufficiently justified by the name commonly applied to the ship of pearl as well as the ship of paper." — *The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table*.

THIS is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
 Sails the unshadowed main, —
 The venturous bark that flings
 On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
 In gulfs enchanted, where the siren sings, 5
 And coral reefs lie bare,
 Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their stream-
 ing hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
 Wrecked is the ship of pearl
 And every chambered cell, 10
 Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
 As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,

Before thee lies revealed, —
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed !

Year after year beheld the silent toil 15
That spread his lustrous coil ;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door, 20
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the
old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by
thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap, forlorn !
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born 25
Than ever Triton blew from wreathèd horn !
While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice
that sings : —

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll ! 30
Leave thy low-vaulted past !
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting
sea !

TELLING THE BEES

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

A remarkable custom, brought from the Old Country, formerly prevailed in the rural districts of New England. On the death of a member of the family, the bees were at once informed of the event, and their hives dressed in mourning. This ceremonial was supposed to be necessary to prevent the swarms from leaving their hives and seeking a new home. [The scene is minutely that of the Whittier homestead.]

HERE is the place ; right over the hill
 Runs the path I took ;
 You can see the gap in the old wall still,
 And the stepping-stones in the shallow brook.

There is the house, with the gate red-barred, 5
 And the poplars tall ;
 And the barn's brown length, and the cattle-yard,
 And the white horns tossing above the wall.

There are the beehives ranged in the sun ;
 And down by the brink 10
 Of the brook are her poor flowers, weed-o'errun,
 Pansy and daffodil, rose and pink.

A year has gone, as the tortoise goes,
 Heavy and slow ;
 And the same rose blows, and the same sun glows, 15
 And the same brook sings of a year ago.

There 's the same sweet clover-smell in the breeze ;
And the June sun warm
Tangles his wings of fire in the trees,
Setting, as then, over Fernside farm. 20

I mind me how with a lover's care
From my Sunday coat
I brushed off the burrs, and smoothed my hair,
And cooled at the brookside my brow and throat.

Since we parted, a month had passed, — 25
To love, a year ;
Down through the beeches I looked at last
On the little red gate and the well-sweep near.

I can see it all now, — the slantwise rain
Of light through the leaves, 30
The sundown's blaze on her window-pane,
The bloom of her roses under the eaves.

Just the same as a month before, —
The house and the trees,
The barn's brown gable, the vine by the door, — 35
Nothing changed but the hive of bees.

Before them, under the garden wall,
Forward and back,
Went drearily singing the chore-girl small,
Draping each hive with a shred of black. 40

Trembling, I listened : the summer sun
Had the chill of snow ;

For I knew she was telling the bees of one
Gone on the journey we all must go !

Then I said to myself, " My Mary weeps 45
For the dead to-day :
Haply her blind old grandsire sleeps
The fret and the pain of his age away."

But her dog whined low ; on the doorway sill,
With his cane to his chin, 50
The old man sat ; and the chore-girl still
Sung to the bees stealing out and in.

And the song she was singing ever since
In my ears sounds on : — .
" Stay at home, pretty bees, fly not hence ! 55
Mistress Mary is dead and gone !"

THE LEGEND BEAUTIFUL

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

“HADST thou stayed, I must have fled !”
That is what the Vision said.

In his chamber all alone,
Kneeling on the floor of stone,
Prayed the Monk in deep contrition 5
For his sins of indecision,
Prayed for greater self-denial
In temptation and in trial ;
It was noonday by the dial,
And the Monk was all alone. 10

Suddenly, as if it lightened,
An unwonted splendor brightened
All within him and without him
In that narrow cell of stone ;
And he saw the Blessed Vision 15
Of our Lord, with light Elysian
Like a vesture wrapped about him,
Like a garment round him thrown.

Not as crucified and slain,
Not in agonies of pain, 20
Not with bleeding hands and feet
Did the Monk his Master see ;
But as in the village street,
In the house or harvest-field,

Halt and lame and blind he healed, 25
 When he walked in Galilee.

In an attitude imploring,
 Hands upon his bosom crossed,
 Wondering, worshipping, adoring,
 Knelt the Monk in rapture lost. 30
 Lord, he thought, in heaven that reignest,
 Who am I, that thus thou deignest
 To reveal thyself to me?
 Who am I, that from the centre
 Of thy glory thou shouldst enter 35
 This poor cell, my guest to be?

Then amid his exaltation,
 Loud the convent bell appalling,
 From its belfry calling, calling,
 Rang through court and corridor 40
 With persistent iteration
 He had never heard before.
 It was now the appointed hour
 When alike in shine or shower,
 Winter's cold or summer's heat, 45
 To the convent portals came
 All the blind and halt and lame,
 All the beggars of the street,
 For their daily dole of food
 Dealt them by the brotherhood; 50
 And their almoner was he
 Who upon his bended knee,
 Rapt in silent ecstasy
 Of divinest self-surrender,

Saw the Vision and the Splendor. 55
Deep distress and hesitation
Mingled with his adoration ;
Should he go or should he stay ?
Should he leave the poor to wait
Hungry at the convent gate, 60
Till the Vision passed away ?
Should he slight his radiant guest,
Slight this visitant celestial,
For a crowd of ragged, bestial
Beggars at the convent gate ? 65
Would the Vision there remain ?
Would the Vision come again ?
Then a voice within his breast
Whispered, audible and clear
As if to the outward ear : 70
“ Do thy duty ; that is best ;
Leave unto thy Lord the rest ! ”

Straightway to his feet he started,
And with longing look intent
On the Blessèd Vision bent, 75
Slowly from his cell departed,
Slowly on his errand went.

At the gate the poor were waiting,
Looking through the iron grating,
With that terror in the eye 80
That is only seen in those
Who amid their wants and woes
Hear the sound of doors that close,
And of feet that pass them by ;
Grown familiar with disfavor, 85

Grown familiar with the savor
 Of the bread by which men die!
 But to-day, they know not why,
 Like the gate of Paradise
 Seemed the convent gate to rise, 90
 Like a sacrament divine
 Seemed to them the bread and wine.
 In his heart the Monk was praying,
 Thinking of the homeless poor,
 What they suffer and endure; 95
 What we see not, what we see:
 And the inward voice was saying:
 "Whatsoever thing thou doest
 To the least of mine and lowest,
 That thou doest unto Me!" 100

Unto Me! but had the Vision
 Come to him in beggar's clothing,
 Come a mendicant imploring,
 Would he then have knelt adoring,
 Or have listened with derision, 105
 And have turned away with loathing?

Thus his conscience put the question,
 Full of troublesome suggestion,
 As at length, with hurried pace,
 Towards his cell he turned his face, 110
 And beheld the convent bright,
 With a supernatural light,
 Like a luminous cloud expanding
 Over floor and wall and ceiling.

But he paused with awe-struck feeling 115
At the threshold of his door,
For the Vision still was standing
As he left it there before,
When the convent bell appalling,
From its belfry calling, calling, 120
Summoned him to feed the poor.
Through the long hour intervening
It had waited his return,
And he felt his bosom burn,
Comprehending all the meaning, 125
When the Blessèd Vision said,
“Hadst thou stayed, I must have fled!”

THE NORMAN BARON

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

In his chamber, weak and dying,
Was the Norman baron lying;
Loud, without, the tempest thundered,
And the castle-turret shook.

In this fight was Death the gainer, 5
Spite of vassal and retainer,
And the lands his sires had plundered,
Written in the Doomsday Book.

By his bed a monk was seated,
Who in humble voice repeated 10
Many a prayer and paternoster,
From the missal on his knee;

And, amid the tempest pealing,
 Sounds of bells came faintly stealing,
 Bells, that from the neighboring kloster 15
 Rang for the Nativity.

In the hall, the serf and vassal
 Held, that night, their Christmas wassail;
 Many a carol, old and saintly,
 Sang the minstrels and the waits; 20

And so loud these Saxon gleemen
 Sang to slaves the songs of freemen,
 That the storm was heard but faintly,
 Knocking at the castle-gates.

Till at length the lays they chanted 25
 Reached the chamber terror-haunted,
 Where the monk, with accents holy,
 Whispered at the baron's ear.

Tears upon his eyelids glistened,
 As he paused awhile and listened, 30
 And the dying baron slowly
 Turned his weary head to hear.

"Wassail for the kingly stranger
 Born and cradled in a manger!
 King, like David, priest, like Aaron, 35
 Christ is born to set us free!"

And the lightning showed the sainted
 Figures on the casement painted,

And exclaimed the shuddering baron,
" Miserere, Domine ! " 40

In the hour of deep contrition
He beheld, with clearer vision,
Through all outward show and fashion,
Justice, the Avenger, rise.

All the pomp of earth had vanished, 45
Falsehood and deceit were banished,
Reason spake more loud than passion,
And the truth wore no disguise.

Every vassal of his banner,
Every serf born to his manor, 50
All those wronged and wretched creatures,
By his hand were freed again.

And, as on the sacred missal
He recorded their dismissal,
Death relaxed his iron features, 55
And the monk replied, " Amen ! "

Many centuries have been numbered
Since in death the baron slumbered
By the convent's sculptured portal,
Mingling with the common dust : 60

But the good deed, through the ages
Living in historic pages,
Brighter grows and gleams immortal,
Unconsumed by moth or rust.

THE LOST OCCASION

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

SOME die too late and some too soon,
 At early morning, heat of noon,
 Or the chill evening twilight. Thou,
 Whom the rich heavens did so endow
 With eyes of power and Jove's own brow, 5
 With all the massive strength that fills
 Thy home-horizon's granite hills,
 With rarest gifts of heart and head
 From manliest stock inherited,
 New England's stateliest type of man, 10
 In port and speech Olympian ;
 Whom no one met, at first, but took
 A second awed and wondering look
 (As turned, perchance, the eyes of Greece
 On Phidias' unveiled masterpiece) ; 15
 Whose words in simplest homespun clad,
 The Saxon strength of Cædmon's had,
 With power reserved at need to reach
 The Roman forum's loftiest speech,
 Sweet with persuasion, eloquent 20
 In passion, cool in argument,
 Or, ponderous, falling on thy foes
 As fell the Norse god's hammer blows,
 Crushing as if with Talus' flail
 Through Error's logic-woven mail, 25
 And failing only when they tried

The adamant of the righteous side, —
Thou, foiled in aim and hope, bereaved
Of old friends, by the new deceived,
Too soon for us, too soon for thee, 30
Beside thy lonely Northern sea,
Where long and low the marsh-lands spread,
Laid wearily down thy august head.

Thou shouldst have lived to feel below
Thy feet Disunion's fierce upthrow ; 35
The late-sprung mine that underlaid.
Thy sad concessions vainly made.
Thou shouldst have seen from Sumter's wall
The star-flag of the Union fall,
And armed rebellion pressing on 40
The broken lines of Washington !
No stronger voice than thine had then
Called out the utmost might of men,
To make the Union's charter free
And strengthen law by liberty. 45
How had that stern arbitrament
To thy gray age youth's vigor lent,
Shaming ambition's paltry prize
Before thy disillusioned eyes ;
Breaking the spell about thee wound 50
Like the green withes that Samson bound ;
Redeeming in one effort grand,
Thyself and thy imperilled land !
Ah, cruel fate, that closed to thee,
O sleeper by the Northern sea, 55
The gates of opportunity !
God fills the gaps of human need,
Each crisis brings its word and deed.

Wise men and strong we did not lack;
 But still, with memory turning back, 60
 In the dark hours we thought of thee,
 And thy lone grave beside the sea.

Above that grave the east winds blow,
 And from the marsh-lands drifting slow
 The sea-fog comes, with evermore 65
 The wave-wash of a lonely shore,
 And sea-bird's melancholy cry,
 As Nature fain would typify
 The sadness of a closing scene,
 The loss of that which should have been. 70
 But, where thy native mountains bare
 Their foreheads to diviner air,
 Fit emblem of enduring fame,
 One lofty summit keeps thy name.
 For thee the cosmic forces did 75
 The rearing of that pyramid,
 The prescient ages shaping with
 Fire, flood, and frost thy monolith.
 Sunrise and sunset lay thereon
 With hands of light their benison, 80
 The stars of midnight pause to set
 Their jewels in its coronet.
 And evermore that mountain mass
 Seems climbing from the shadowy pass
 To light, as if to manifest 85
 Thy nobler self, thy life at best!

ICHABOD

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

So fallen ! so lost ! the light withdrawn
Which once he wore !
The glory from his gray hairs gone
Forevermore !

Revile him not, — the Tempter hath 5
A snare for all ;
And pitying tears, not scorn and wrath,
Befit his fall !

Oh, dumb be passion's stormy rage,
When he who might 10
Have lighted up and led his age,
Falls back in night.

Scorn ! would the angels laugh, to mark
A bright soul driven,
Fiend-goaded, down the endless dark, 15
From hope and heaven !

Let not the land once proud of him
Insult him now,
Nor brand with deeper shame his dim,
Dishonored brow. 20

But let its humbled sons, instead,
From sea to lake,

A long lament, as for the dead,
In sadness make.

Of all we loved and honored, naught 25
Save power remains ;
A fallen angel's pride of thought,
Still strong in chains.

All else is gone ; from those great eyes
The soul has fled : 30
When faith is lost, when honor dies,
The man is dead !

**Then, pay the reverence of old days
To his dead fame ;
Walk backward, with averted gaze,
And hide the shame !**

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE AT CORUNNA

CHARLES WOLFE

NOT a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried ;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning ;
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him ; 10
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow ;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead, 15
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his
head,
And we far away on the billow ! 20

Lightly they 'll talk of the spirit that 's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him ;
But little he 'll reckon, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done, 25
When the clock tolled the hour for retiring ;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory ; 30
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone with his glory !

"O MOTHER OF A MIGHTY RACE"

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

Written after a journey to Europe, and at a time when there was danger of war with England over the question of the northwestern boundary.

O MOTHER of a mighty race,
Yet lovely in thy youthful grace!
The elder dames, thy haughty peers,
Admire and hate thy blooming years.

With words of shame 5
And taunts of scorn they join thy name.

For on thy cheeks the glow is spread
That tints thy morning hills with red;
Thy step — the wild-deer's rustling feet
Within thy woods are not more fleet: 10
Thy hopeful eye
Is bright as thine own sunny sky.

Ay, let them rail — those haughty ones,
While safe thou dwellest with thy sons.
They do not know how loved thou art, 15
How many a fond and fearless heart
Would rise to throw
Its life between thee and the foe.

They know not, in their hate and pride,
What virtues with thy children bide; 20
How true, how good, thy graceful maids
Make bright, like flowers, the valley-shades;
What generous men
Spring like thine oaks, by hill and glen; —

What cordial welcomes greet the guest 25
By thy lone rivers of the West ;
How faith is kept, and truth revered,
And man is loved, and God is feared,
 In woodland homes,
And where the ocean border foams. 30

There 's freedom at thy gates and rest
For Earth's down-trodden and oppressed,
A shelter for the hunted head,
For the starved laborer toil and bread.
 Power at thy bounds, 35
Stops and calls back his baffled hounds.

O fair young mother ! on thy brow
Shall sit a nobler grace than now.
Deep in the brightness of the skies
The thronging years in glory rise, 40
 And, as they fleet,
Drop strength and riches at thy feet.

Thine eye, with every coming hour,
Shall brighten, and thy form shall tower ;
And when thy sisters, elder born, 45
Would brand thy name with words of scorn,
 Before thine eye,
Upon their lips the taunt shall die.

SELECTION FROM THE LAY OF THE LAST
MINSTREL

SIR WALTER SCOTT

MY NATIVE LAND

BREATHES there a man, with soul so dead,
 Who never to himself hath said,
 This is my own, my native land !
 Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
 As home his footsteps he hath turned 5
 From wandering on a foreign strand !
 If such there breathe, go, mark him well ;
 For him no minstrel raptures swell ;
 High though his titles, proud his name,
 Boundless his wealth as wish can claim ; 10
 Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
 The wretch, concentred all in self,
 Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
 And, doubly dying, shall go down
 To the vile dust, from whence he sprung, 15
 Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

THE OAK

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

WHAT gnarlèd stretch, what depth of shade, is his !

There needs no crown to mark the forest's king ;
How in his leaves outshines full summer's bliss !

Sun, storm, rain, dew, to him their tribute bring,
Which he with such benignant royalty 5

Accepts, as overpayeth what is lent ;
All nature seems his vassal proud to be,
And cunning only for his ornament.

How towers he, too, amid the billowed snows,
An unquellèd exile from the summer's throne, 10

Whose plain, uncinctured front more kingly shows,
Now that the obscuring courtier leaves are flown.

His boughs make music of the winter air,
Jewelled with sleet, like some cathedral front
Where clinging snow-flakes with quaint art repair 15
The dints and furrows of time's envious brunt.

How doth his patient strength the rude March wind
Persuade to seem glad breaths of summer breeze,
And win the soil that fain would be unkind,
To swell his revenues with proud increase ! 20

He is the gem ; and all the landscape wide
(So doth his grandeur isolate the sense)
Seems but the setting, worthless all beside,
An empty socket, were he fallen thence.

So, from oft converse with life's wintry gales, 25
Should man learn how to clasp with tougher roots

The inspiring earth ; how otherwise avails

The leaf-creating sap that sunward shoots ?
 So every year that falls with noiseless flake
 Should fill old scars up on the stormward side, 30
 And make hoar age revered for age's sake,
 Not for traditions of youth's leafy pride.

So, from the pinched soil of a churlish fate,
 True hearts compel the sap of sturdier growth,
 So between earth and heaven stand simply great, 35
 That these shall seem but their attendants both ;
 For nature's forces with obedient zeal
 Wait on the rooted faith and oaken will ;
 As quickly the pretender's cheat they feel,
 And turn mad Pucks to flout and mock him still.

Lord ! all Thy works are lessons ; each contains 41
 Some emblem of man's all-containing soul ;
 Shall he make fruitless all Thy glorious pains,
 Delving within Thy grace an eyeless mole ?
 Make me the least of thy Dodona-grove, 45
 Cause me some message of thy truth to bring,
 Speak but a word through me, nor let thy love
 Among my boughs disdain to perch and sing.

40. See Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

45. A grove of oaks at Dodona, in ancient Greece, was the seat of a famous oracle.

MY LOST YOUTH

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

OFTEN I think of the beautiful town
That is seated by the sea ;
Often in thought go up and down
The pleasant streets of that dear old town,
And my youth comes back to me. 5
And a verse of a Lapland song
Is haunting my memory still :
" A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I can see the shadowy lines of its trees, 10
And catch, in sudden gleams,
The sheen of the far-surrounding seas,
And islands that were the Hesperides
Of all my boyish dreams.
And the burden of that old song, 15
It murmurs and whispers still :
" A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the black wharves and the slips,
And the sea-tides tossing free ; 20
And Spanish sailors with bearded lips,
And the beauty and mystery of the ships,
And the magic of the sea.
And the voice of that wayward song

Is singing and saying still : 25

“ A boy’s will is the wind’s will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.”

I remember the bulwarks by the shore,
And the fort upon the hill ;
The sunrise gun, with its hollow roar, 30
The drum-beat repeated o’er and o’er,
And the bugle wild and shrill.

And the music of that old song
Throbs in my memory still :
“ A boy’s will is the wind’s will, 35
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.”

I remember the sea-fight far away,
How it thundered o’er the tide !
And the dead captains, as they lay
In their graves, o’erlooking the tranquil bay 40
Where they in battle died.

And the sound of that mournful song
Goes through me with a thrill :
“ A boy’s will is the wind’s will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.”

I can see the breezy dome of groves, 46
The shadows of Deering’s Woods ;
And the friendships old and the early loves
Come back with a Sabbath sound, as of doves
In quiet neighborhoods. 50

And the verse of that sweet old song,
It flutters and murmurs still :
“ A boy’s will is the wind’s will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.”

I remember the gleams and glooms that dart 55

Across the school-boy's brain ;

The song and the silence in the heart,

That in part are prophecies, and in part

Are longings wild and vain.

And the voice of that fitful song 60

Sings on, and is never still :

" A boy's will is the wind's will,

And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

There are things of which I may not speak ;

There are dreams that cannot die ; 65

There are thoughts that make the strong heart weak,

And bring a pallor into the cheek,

And a mist before the eye.

And the words of that fatal song

Come over me like a chill : 70

" A boy's will is the wind's will,

And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

Strange to me now are the forms I meet

When I visit the dear old town ;

But the native air is pure and sweet, 75

And the trees that o'ershadow each well-known street,

As they balance up and down,

Are singing the beautiful song,

Are sighing and whispering still :

" A boy's will is the wind's will, 80

And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

And Deering's Woods are fresh and fair,

And with joy that is almost pain

My heart goes back to wander there,

And among the dreams of the days that were, 85
 I find my lost youth again,
 And the strange and beautiful song,
 The groves are repeating it still :
 " A boy's will is the wind's will, 89
 And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

TO A WATERFOWL

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

WHITHER, midst falling dew,
 While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
 Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
 Thy solitary way ?

Vainly the fowler's eye 5
 Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
 As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
 Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
 Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide, 10
 Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
 On the chafed ocean side ?

There is a Power whose care
 Teaches thy way along that pathless coast —
 The desert and illimitable air — 15
 Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near. 20

And soon that toil shall end ;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows ; reeds shall bend,
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone ! the abyss of heaven 25
Hath swallowed up thy form ; yet on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He, who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone 31
Will lead my steps aright.

FOR A' THAT AND A' THAT

ROBERT BURNS

Is there, for honest poverty,
 That hangs his head, and a' that!
 The coward slave, we pass him by,
 We dare be poor for a' that!
 For a' that, and a' that, 5
 Our toils obscure, and a' that;
 The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
 The man 's the gowd for a' that!

What though on hamely fare we dine,
 Wear hodden-gray, and a' that; 10
 Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
 A man 's a man for a' that!
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Their tinsel show, and a' that;
 The honest man, though e'er sae poor, 15
 Is king o' men for a' that!

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
 Wha struts, and stares, and a' that;
 Though hundreds worship at his word,
 He 's but a coof for a' that. 20
 For a' that, and a' that,
 His ribbon, star, and a' that;
 The man of independent mind,
 He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak a belted knight, 25
A marquis, duke, and a' that ;
But an honest man 's aboon his might,
Guid faith, he maunna fa' that !
For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that ;
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
Are higher rank than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may —
As come it will for a' that —
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth, 35
May bear the gree, and a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
It 's coming yet, for a' that,
That man to man, the warld o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that ! 40

THE RHODORA

ON BEING ASKED, WHENCE IS THE FLOWER ?

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

In May, when sea-winds pierced our solitudes,
I found the fresh Rhodora in the woods,
Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook,
To please the desert and the sluggish brook.
The purple petals, fallen in the pool, 5
Made the black water with their beauty gay ;
Here might the red-bird come his plumes to cool,
And court the flower that cheapens his array.

Rhodora! if the sages ask thee why
This charm is wasted on the earth and sky, 10
Tell them, dear, that if eyes were made for seeing,
Then Beauty is its own excuse for being:
Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose!
I never thought to ask, I never knew:
But, in my simple ignorance, suppose 15
The self-same Power that brought me there brought
you.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

A VISITOR to Cambridge, in Massachusetts, is very sure to make his first question, Where did Mr. Longfellow live? and any one whom he meets will be able to give the answer. The ample, dignified mansion, built in Colonial days, and famous as the headquarters of Washington during the first year of the War for Independence, is in the midst of broad fields, and looks across meadows to the winding Charles and the gentle hills beyond. Great elms, fragrant lilacs and syringas, stand by the path which leads to the door; and when the poet was living, the passer-by would often catch a glimpse of him as he paced up and down the shaded veranda which is screened by the shrubbery.

Here came, in the summer of 1837, a slight, studious-looking young man, who lifted the heavy brass knocker, which hung then as it does now upon the front door, and very likely thought of the great general as he let it fall with a clang. He had called to see the owner of the house, Mrs. Andrew Craigie, widow of the apothecary-general of the Continental Army in the Revolution. The visitor asked if there was a room in her house which he could occupy. The stately old lady, looking all the more dignified for the turban which was wound about her head, answered, as she looked at the youthful figure:—

“I no longer lodge students.”

“But I am not a student; I am a professor in the University.”

“A professor?” She looked curiously at one so like most students in appearance.

“I am Professor Longfellow,” he said.

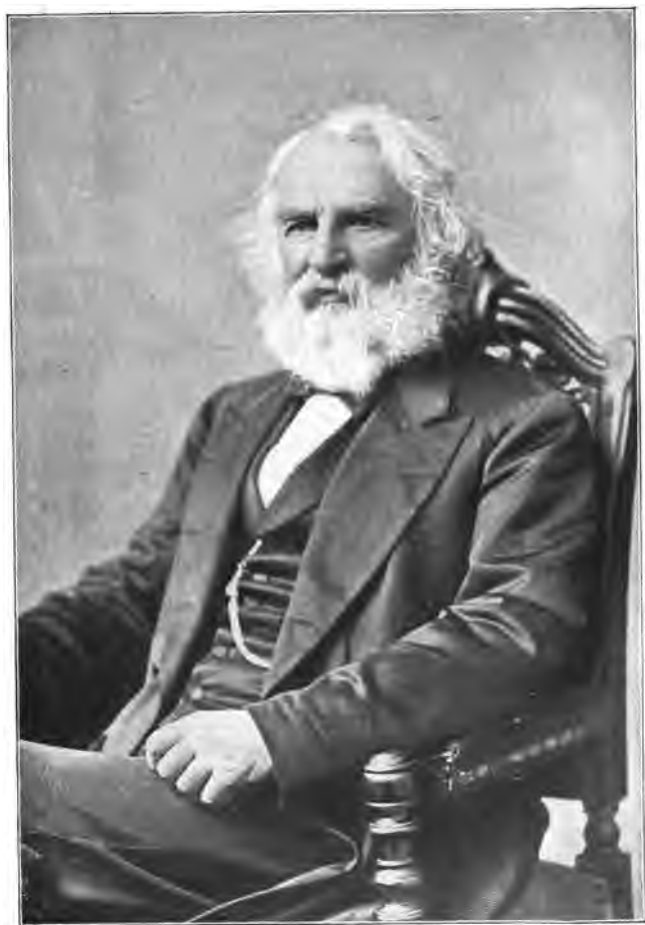
“Ah! that is different. I will show you what there is

She led him up the broad staircase, and, proud of her house, opened one spacious room after another, only to close the door of each, saying, "You cannot have that," until at length she led him into the southeast corner-room of the second story. "This was General Washington's chamber," she said. "You may have this;" and here he gladly set up his home. The house was a large one, and already Edward Everett and Jared Sparks had lived here. Mr. Sparks was engaged, singularly enough, upon the *Life and Writings of Washington* in the very house which Washington had occupied. Afterwards, when Mr. Longfellow was keeping house here, Mr. Joseph E. Worcester, the maker of the dictionary, shared it with him, for there was room for each family to keep a separate establishment, and even a third could have found independent quarters. When Mrs. Craigie died Mr. Longfellow bought the house, and there was his home until he died.

When he came to Cambridge to be Professor of Modern Languages and Literature in Harvard College, he was thirty years old. He was but eighteen when he graduated at Bowdoin College, in the class in which Nathaniel Hawthorne also belonged, and he had given such promise that he was almost immediately called to be professor at Bowdoin. He accepted the appointment on condition that he might have three years of travel and study in Europe. The immediate result of his life abroad was in some translations, chiefly from the Spanish, in some critical papers, and in *Outre Mer* [Over Seas], his first prose work. He continued at Bowdoin until 1835, when he was invited to Harvard. Again he went to Europe for further study and travel, and after his return spent seventeen years in his professorship.

Two years after he had begun to teach in Harvard College he published *Hyperion, a Romance*. *Hyperion*, in classic mythology, is the child of heaven and earth, and in this romance the story is told of a young man who had earthly sorrows and fortunes, but heavenly desires and hopes. It contains many delightful legends and fancies

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Henry M. Longfellow

“herons winging their way
O'er the poet's house in the Elmwood thickets;”

while farther still one catches sight of the white tower of Mount Auburn and thinks of the graves there to which so many of the poet's friends were borne, and to which he himself was at last carried. It would be a pleasant task to read closely in Mr. Longfellow's poems and discover all the kind words which he has written of his friends. A man is known by the company he keeps. How fine must have been that nature which gathered into immortal verse the friendship of Agassiz, Hawthorne, Lowell, Sumner, Whittier, Tennyson, Irving; and chose for companionship among the dead such names as Chaucer, Dante, Keats, Milton, Shakespeare. All these names, and more, will be found strung as beads upon the golden thread of Longfellow's verse.

After all, the old house where the poet lived was most closely connected with his poems, because it was a home. Here his children grew, and out of its chambers issued those undying poems which sing the deep life of the fireside. In *The Golden Mile-Stone* he sings:—

“Each man's chimney is his Golden Mile-Stone;
Is the central point, from which he measures
Every distance

Through the gateways of the world around him;”

and the secret of Mr. Longfellow's power is in the perfect art with which he brought all the treasures of the old world stories, and all the hopes of the new, to this central point; his own fireside fed the flames of poetic genius, and kept them burning steadily and purely.

Mr. Longfellow was born in Portland, Maine, February 27, 1807. He had two sons and three daughters, and these three are celebrated in *The Children's Hour*. The poet always welcomed children to his house, and he was made very happy by their thought of him. His seventy-fifth birthday was celebrated by school-children all over the country. A few days after, he was taken ill, and died March 24, 1882.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

THE poet Whittier was born on his father's farm, near Haverhill, Mass., December 17, 1807, and lived the life of a farmer's boy until he was eighteen years old. In his poem of *Snow-Bound* one will get the best knowledge of Whittier's boyhood: how he worked in barn and field; listened to the stories which his elders told around the blazing hearth; caught knowledge from the district school and from the lively schoolmaster who boarded at his father's house; saw a newspaper once a week, and read in it of struggles for freedom in Greece and adventures in Central America; read over and over again the small stock of books in the farmhouse, the almanac with its pithy sayings and anecdotes, and the lives of Quakers, for the Whittiers were of the Quaker faith. The best that he got was in the beauty of his mother's life, the strong, wise character of his father, the affection of his sisters, and all the sweet, noble influences of an industrious, God-fearing home.

The family lived respectably and in tolerable comfort, but the farm was burdened with debt, and frugality and persistent industry were indispensable. The children, as well as their elders, had to work in doors and out. The young boy had only ten or twelve weeks of school in a year. He longed for learning, but the means of procuring it were lacking. Happily, the man who worked for his father on the farm in summer eked out his income by making women's shoes in the winter, and the boy learned enough of him to earn a small sum, sufficient to pay the expense of a summer term at an academy. At the close of the term he tried another way of earning money, and taught a small school in a neighboring town. The next year he worked on the farm, and in the spring of 1830 went to Hartford, Conn., and edited *The New England Review* for two years, when he was called home by the illness of his father, whose death, soon after, made it necessary for him to take the charge of the farm for several

years. In 1833 he published a pamphlet entitled *Justice and Expediency*, on the slavery question, and the same year he was a member of the convention which formed the American Anti-Slavery Society. He was a member of the Massachusetts Legislature in 1835. In 1838 he became editor of the *Pennsylvania Freeman*, at Philadelphia, where his office was sacked and burned by a mob. His health failing, at the end of two years he returned to Massachusetts, and took up his residence with his mother and sister at Amesbury. In 1845 he became associate editor of the *National Era* at Washington, D. C., in which paper *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was published.

He commenced writing in his sixteenth year. His early verses indicated his scanty opportunities for reading and study. Some of them were printed in the local papers, and later some found a place in magazines. The first collection of them was made in 1847. Ten years later a more complete edition was published. He was a frequent contributor to *The Atlantic Monthly* magazine from its establishment. During the last part of his life he spent much of his time at Oak Knoll, Danvers, though still retaining his residence in Amesbury, eight miles from the old homestead, the scene of *Snow-Bound*. His health was never robust, and in his later years he wrote nothing without suffering.

Mr. Whittier was a member of the religious Society of Friends, and a regular attendant of its meetings; but he was broad in his sympathies, and kindly disposed towards all who, in different ways from his own, sought to serve God and benefit their fellow men. He took an active interest in all questions involving the honor and welfare of his country. He aided in forming one of the first temperance organizations in the State of Massachusetts. The relations of Labor and Capital, Public Charities, Woman Suffrage, Peace, and Religious Toleration received his earnest attention. He regarded it a matter of duty to take an active part in elections; but although he was twice a member of the Electoral College, as a rule he declined overtures for acceptance of public office.



John Geo Killeen

His prose writings consist of *Leaves from Margaret Smith's Journal*, *Old Portraits and Modern Sketches*, *Recreations and Miscellanies*, and various contributions to the anti-slavery discussions. His love for and interest in children have been manifested in his very popular books, *Child Life* and *Child Life in Prose*. He edited with careful introductory essays the *Journal of John Woolman*, *The Patience of Hope* by Dora Greenwell, and *Songs of Three Centuries*.

Mr. Whittier never married, and never travelled beyond his own country. He preferred a quiet, rural life. He loved the sea, the beaches and islands of the New England coast, and in summer was in the habit of visiting the mountains of New Hampshire, especially the Sandwich range, terminating in the sharp peak of Chocorua. One of these hills has been named Mt. Whittier by the people who live near it; and just as the beaches and country roads of Essex County have been touched with the light from Whittier's poems, so he wove into his verse the mountain glory and the ripple of the brook.

It was Whittier's delight to "plight the troth," or marry fact and fancy, and his poetry is full of the poetic side of every-day matters. He honored noble living wherever he saw it, but most of all he delighted to honor those heroes whom the world has made little of, men and women of humble life but generous self-sacrifice, who have toiled and suffered for others, and borne shame for righteousness' sake. He found subjects for his verse the world over, but he liked best to find them in obscure corners where other people had passed them by.

In his eighty-first year, he prepared for publication a definitive edition of his writings, which was published in seven volumes, four of poetry and three of prose. He furnished a number of interesting head-notes to his poems, and made a careful revision of the text. His death occurred at Hampton Falls, N. H., September 7, 1892, when he was nearly eighty-five years old.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

It has often been said that the real test of the greatness of a country is the men it produces. One purpose of this book is to give to the young people of Illinois a sense of acquaintanceship with some of the best men that America has produced. One of them, Ralph Waldo Emerson, wrote of another, after reading some of his best poems: "We will not again disparage America now we have seen what men it will bear. What a certificate of good elements in the soil, climate, and institutions is Lowell, whose admirable verses I have just read."

Scudder's
*Life of
Lowell*,
vol. ii,
p. 33.

James Russell Lowell was a man of wide interest and deep feeling; and so he got much out of life, he lived richly. Some of the poems that you have studied, *The Dandelion*, *The Oak*, *The Vision of Sir Launfal*, and *Rhæcus*, show his sense of fellowship with nature. To one of his friends he wrote, "How I do love the earth! I feel it thrill under my feet, I feel somehow as if it were conscious of my love, as if something passed into my dancing blood from it." In his poem, *Under the Willows*, he says, —

"But I in June am midway to believe
A tree among my far progenitors,
Such sympathy is mine with all the race,
Such mutual recognition vaguely sweet
There is between us. Surely there are times
When they consent to own me of their kin,
And condescend to me, and call me cousin."

And again in one of the *Biglow Papers* he writes, —

"Why, th' ain't a bird upon the tree
But half forgives my bein' human."

He gained not only joy but tranquillity and wisdom from a life close to nature. Like the shepherd of King Admetus, of whom he tells us, —



J. M. Lowell

" It seemed the loveliness of things
 Did teach him all their use,
 For, in mere weeds, and stones, and springs,
 He found a healing power profuse."

He loved men as well as nature. To a fellow poet he wrote, "Think of me after I am gone (for in the nature of things you will survive me) as one who had a really friendly feeling for everything human." Scudder's Biography of Lowell, vol. ii, p. 126. *The Vision of Sir Launfal* tells us of his belief in the brotherhood of men; and *Yussouf*, of his faith in the possibilities of nobleness even in the outcast.

So true a democrat as these poems show him to be could not but enter with ardor into the anti-slavery movement. He was opposed to the Mexican War, not only because he shrank from the thought of war in general, but because he felt that the chief purpose in this one was to add to the slave-holding territory of the United States. In 1846 he began the first series of *Biglow Papers*. It included a number of satirical poems written in the Yankee dialect. Their keenness of wit, together with the feeling of indignation and scorn that they disclosed, made them most effective. The best known are the one beginning

" Thrash away, you 'll hev to rattle
 On them kettle-drums o' yourn "

and the one with the refrain

" But John P.
 Robinson he."

Read them when you study the Mexican War.

During the Civil War he wrote a second series of *Biglow Papers*. In these we see how his hatred of war gave way before his love for the Union, which stood to him for the principle of democracy. Three of his nephews were killed in the war. For a touching picture of his grief at their loss, a grief mingled with pride in their heroism, and of his longing for such a close of the war as should bring

" Fair wages for brave men,
 A nation saved, a race delivered!"

read the poem in this series beginning,

“ Dear Sir, — Your letter come to han’
Requestin’ me to please be funny.”

This poem is marred only by Lowell’s failure to recognize at this time the honesty of the Southern leaders.

Lowell, while at first chafing under the apparent indecision of Lincoln, came soon to recognize the real wisdom of the president’s leadership. You have read the poet’s noble tribute to the martyr in the *Ode Recited at the Harvard Commemoration* (sixth stanza). Read the last stanza of the ode, that you may have some sense of Lowell’s devotion to his country.

Lowell loved nature, loved men, and loved his country ; moreover, he had the power to inspire like feelings in others. It is natural that every American boy and girl should wish to know something of the life of such a countryman.

James Russell Lowell was born in Cambridge, Mass., February 22, 1819, and died there August 12, 1891. The house in which he was born and died, Elmwood, was about a mile from Harvard College, the oldest college in the United States. It was one of a group of houses built before the War for Independence by Boston merchants and crown officers, who in the war took the side of England. The houses were built on a broad road known as Tory Row, and each had a considerable estate attached to it. Elmwood was finally bought by Charles Lowell, minister of one of the Boston churches, and father of the poet. Another of the houses, Craigie House, became later the home of Longfellow ; so the two poets were neighbors. Lowell’s poems and prose essays contain hundreds of references to the trees, the birds, the brook, the fields, the river Charles, and the people that were a part of his Elmwood life. Not long before his death he described the house to an English friend as follows : “ ’T is a pleasant old house, just about twice as old as I am, four miles from Boston, in what was once the country and is now a populous suburb.

But it still has some ten acres of open about it, and some fine old trees. When the worst comes to the worst (if I live so long), I shall still have four and a half acres left with the house, the rest belonging to my brothers and sisters or their heirs. It is a square house, with four rooms on a floor, like some houses of the Georgian era I have seen in English provincial towns, only they are of brick and this is of wood. But it is solid, with heavy oaken beams, the spaces between which in the four outer walls are filled in with brick, though you must n't fancy a brick-and-timber house, for outwardly it is sheathed with wood. Inside there is much wainscot (of deal) painted white in the fashion of the time when it was built. It is very sunny, the sun rising so as to shine (at an acute angle, to be sure) through the northern windows, and going round the other three sides in the course of the day. There is a pretty staircase with the quaint old twisted banisters, — which they call balusters now; but mine are banisters. My library occupies two rooms opening into each other by arches at the sides of the ample chimneys. The trees I look out on are the earliest things I remember. There you have me in my new-old quarters. But you must not fancy a large house — rooms sixteen feet square, and on the ground floor, nine high. It was large as things went here, when it was built, and has a certain air of amplitude about it as from some inward sense of dignity."

Lowell entered Harvard College at fifteen years of age. Here he gave indifferent attention to many of the tasks set him, but spent much time in reading the best books. In 1838 he graduated. For a time he studied law, but his decided literary bent drew him away from that profession. In 1841, a small volume of his poems was published. Three years later he was married to Maria White, a young woman of refinement and delicacy of feeling and of deep moral convictions. Her devotion to anti-slavery principles was not without its influence upon her husband.

In the next few years he wrote many articles for anti-

slavery papers and the first series of the *Biglow Papers*. But he was a student and writer of literature for its own sake as well as a reformer; and in these years some of his finest poems were written, among them *The Vision of Sir Launfal*. He sometimes felt that his ardor for reform was a hindrance in his career as a man of letters. About this time he wrote his *Fable for Critics*, in which he dashed off his impressions of the chief literary people of America, among them Longfellow, Whittier, and Bryant. Of himself he wrote:—

“There is Lowell, who ’s striving Parnassus to climb
With a whole bale of *isms* tied together with rhyme,
He might get on alone, spite of brambles and boulders,
But he can’t with that bundle he has on his shoulders,
The top of the hill he will ne’er come nigh reaching
Till he learns the distinction ’twixt singing and preaching.”

In 1851 and 1852 he visited Europe with his family. He spent much of his time there in the study of the Italian language and literature.

Of the four children of Mr. and Mrs. Lowell three died very young, the only son being buried in Rome. The oldest child was a daughter, Blanche. The touching poem, *The First Snow-Fall*, shows how deeply her father felt her death. Mrs. Lowell had always been frail, and in 1853 she too died, leaving one little daughter, Mabel. The night that Mrs. Lowell died at Elmwood, a child was born to the Longfellows in Craigie House. Longfellow’s poem, *The Two Angels*, commemorates the two events.

For many years Longfellow had been Smith Professor of the French and Spanish Languages and Professor of Belles Lettres in Harvard College. In 1855 he resigned, and Lowell was chosen to take the place. He spent two years in Europe in preparation for the work, and in 1857 took up his duties in Harvard College. In this year, too, he married Miss Frances Dunlap, who had had charge of the little Mabel since her mother’s death.

During the twenty years of his active professorship he

wrote much. For some time he was editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, and for ten years he was connected with the *North American Review*. Most of what he wrote appeared first in these magazines. He wrote many prose essays upon literature, history, and politics, and some more personal ones, such as *Cambridge Twenty Years Ago* and *My Garden Acquaintance*. The second series of *Biglow Papers* was written during the Civil War, and after its close Lowell wrote some of his noblest poems, among them the *Commemoration Ode*.

President Hayes in 1877 named Lowell to represent the United States in Spain. He served here for two years and was then transferred to England, where he remained for six years. Here he was very popular. Englishmen admired his generous culture, the ease and brilliancy with which he spoke on public and semi-public occasions, and his tact in the conduct of business. They admired, too, his loyalty to America and her institutions. As American minister, poet, and friend of Longfellow, he spoke at the unveiling of a bust of Longfellow in Westminster Abbey. During the years of his foreign residence he received honors from Spanish, English, and Scottish universities, as well as the highest honors that Harvard College could bestow.

After the close of his foreign service, he divided his time for several years between the homes of his sister and daughter in Massachusetts and the haunts that had become dear to him in England. Upon his final return from England in 1889, he went to Elmwood, where his daughter was again living. Here he revised and rearranged his writings, and here in 1891 he died.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

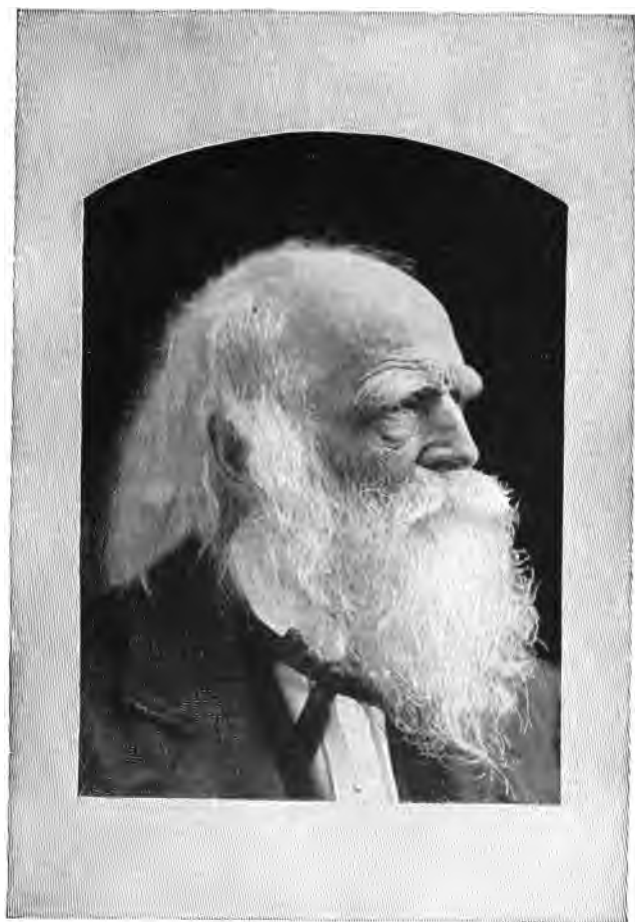
It is a little significant that Bryant's first published poem, *The Embargo*, 1809, should have been in effect a political pamphlet. The union of politics and poetry was in the

man, and that it should have appeared in literature may readily be explained by the fact that the writer was only thirteen years old at the time, having been born at Cummington, Mass., November 3, 1794. The two strands were twisted into the cord of his destiny; but though Bryant's patriotism flamed forth more than once in his verse, notably in *Our Country's Call*, he never after his first trial made his poetry a mere vehicle for political doctrines.

Bryant's father was a cultivated country doctor, who looked carefully after his son's reading and sent him to begin a college education at Williams. He spent a little less than a year at college, but his father's limited income forbade further collegiate study, and he was forced to take up the study of the law, which he had chosen for his profession, and was admitted to the bar in 1815.

In boyhood, during his studies, and after he had been admitted to practice, he was constantly allured by poetry, and some of his most famous poems, including *Thanatopsis* and *To a Waterfowl*, were published at this period. In 1821 he was invited to read a poem before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard College, and he read *The Ages*, a stately poem which bore witness to his lofty philosophic nature. Shortly after this he issued a small volume of poems, scarcely more than a pamphlet, and containing but eight pieces; yet every one is now a classic, and the little paper book stands chronologically at the head of American poetical literature.

When these poems appeared Bryant was married and living at Great Barrington, Mass., as a young lawyer; but he had a growing distaste for the profession, with a steadily increasing absorption in literary pursuits, as well as strong interest in public affairs. He spent much of his time in periodical work, and in 1825 finally went to New York to live, and undertook the management of a monthly journal, the *New York Review*. He earned a precarious livelihood by this and miscellaneous work, but the *Review* went



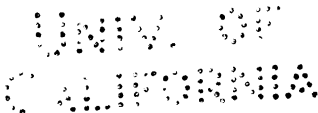
William Cullen Bryant



the way of similar ventures, and in 1826 he made a connection which in one form or other he retained the rest of his life. He became, in that year, a member of the staff of the *New York Evening Post*, and in 1829 was chief editor and part proprietor. There can be little doubt, however, that the absorbing occupation of daily journalism reduced the sum of his contributions to pure literature. Much that he did in prose after this time was in the way of relaxation, as in the letters of travel written during his several journeys and collected as *Letters from a Traveller*, *Letters from the East*, and *Letters from Spain and other Countries*.

His poetic work was infrequent. In 1842 he published *The Fountain and other Poems*, and collections of later poems were issued in 1844 and 1863. One expression of his poetic nature was in his strong love of the country and country life. He resorted frequently to the old homestead at Cummington, which came into his possession, but he created special associations with Roslyn on Long Island, an estate which he bought in 1843 and always retained. It was there in 1865 that his wife died, and in his loneliness Mr. Bryant began the translation of the Iliad of Homer as an occupation for his troubled mind. He finished this task in 1870, and followed it with a translation of the Odyssey.

He was frequently called upon to make addresses in connection with literary anniversaries. A volume of *Orations and Addresses* contains much of his work of this kind; and his last appearance in public was on the occasion of the unveiling of a bust of Mazzini in Central Park. He delivered an oration, but the exposure brought on an illness from which he died a few days after, June 12, 1878. His son-in-law, Parke Godwin, has written his life and edited his writings.



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1. Holbrook's BOOK OF BRITISH MYTHS. London, 1900.
2. Brown's In the Days of Giants. London, 20.
3. Poems for the Study of Language (Illinois Course of Study). Pa. 20; (Ct. 20).
Also in three parts, each, paper, 15.
4. Warner's In the Wilderness. Paper, 20; linen, 30.
5. Nine Selected Poems. N. Y. Regents' Requirements. Paper, 15; linen, 25.

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